

THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DUMB

CURTIS

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JAN.

№ 15

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CRAZY™



CARDI

1,000 BOGUS SHARES

In Hoc
Uptamynicka

1,000 BOGUS SHARES

Laughing
Stock

1,000 SHARES OF INTERNATIONAL SWINDLERS, INC.

This is to certify that _____ is the owner of
(fill in your name here)

—ONE THOUSAND—

counterfeit shares of under-the-counter stock in the Company

INTERNATIONAL SWINDLERS, INC.

a conglomerate specializing in phony oil wells,
bogus real estate properties, uncharted silver mines
and unheard of mutual funds.

(May be surrendered anytime. Not the stock—the Company!)

In witness thereof, we have affixed our aliases this date.

February 30, 1976

L. Cornum
Chairman of the Barred



STEAL OF APPROVAL

Hugh Freecum
President in charge of Vice

Printed on counterfeit paper

— A CRAZY Certificate —

Registered in Costa Rica

They said it
couldn't be
done . . . and
they were right!

CRAZY

A FARCE IN 52 PAGES

RATED PG

(Pure Gall)

Adults not permitted
to look inside unless
accompanied by a child
Carbunkle-DCP

starring

PAUL LAMONT

as the Editor in the
provocative role
he dreamed one day
he would play

MARIE SEVERIN

as the Art Director
cutting here, snipping
there, she was a torrent
of graphic energy

ROY THOMAS

as the Big Boss
relentlessly driving
them on in a furious
race against the deadline

STU SCHWARTZBERG

as the Little Boss
What strange secret did
he hide in his
peculiarly twisted mind?

featuring an all-star cast of characters

**WILL EISNER, BOB FOSTER, JOHN STEVENS, MAL WARWICK, BRUCE CARLIN, LEE MARRS,
VANCE RODEWALT, BOB SMITH, HENRY WORKMAN**

Special thanks to Victor S. Scoria for his help.

NICK CARDY

as the Cover Guy

MICHELE WOLFMAN

as the Photo Gal

AUGIE THE LOANSHARK

as the Money Man

and introducing
in his first important role
THE NEBBISH

(NO ONE WILL BE SEATED AFTER THE FIRST 5 PAGES)

PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL THE ENDING TO YOUR FRIENDS

SEE SCENES NEVER BEFORE SEEN:



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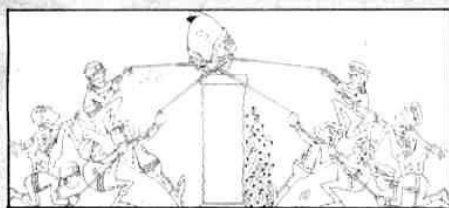
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Fellas: Love what you're doing on the book, but I think maybe we should have a little less copy and a few more illustrations on the letters pages. Try to keep the letters as short as possible, okay? One or two lines with a good, zingy punchline. Thanx.

UPSTAIRS
Marvel Magazine Group
New York, N.Y.

Yeah, sure, guys—anything you say. But, really, in the specific case of this first letter, I think I really do need more room. It's awtully important, and—

Fellas: No backtalk. When we say "short letters," we *mean* "short letters." Now, let's get on with this page.

and cut the comedy, huh? This is supposed to be a humor book!

UPSTAIRS
Marvel Magazine Group
New York, N.Y.

Somebody up there hurts us!

I am desperate. The world seems to be closing in on me. Everywhere I turn, I see vast horizons of no hope. Doom. No way out. My mother hates me. My father hates me. I have no friends. I think I'm going to kill myself. On the very day this magazine hits the stands, I shall plunge a knife into my heart in my secret hiding place at [remainder of message deleted for reasons of space]

SUICIDAL
No address given

Man, have you got the wrong publication— Watchtower is three doors down!

If you ask me, your magazine is too bizarre. Nothing in it makes sense. Take that article you ran on "Fast Foods" an issue or two ago. None of it made sense. Your magazine is too bizarre. Take that article you ran an ish or two ago on "Hang-Ups." None



of it made sense. Your magazine is too bizarre. Take that article you ran on "Stupid Stories Illustrated" an ish or two ago. None of it made sense. Your magazine is too bizarre. Now take *Mad*. It makes sense. It isn't too bizarre.

P.J. RUNDON
Iowa City, Iowa

Your letter isn't too buzarre either, but neither does it make any sense— so there!



I just wanted to say thanks for being the first magazine to do a parody of "Tommy." It was really neat and quite funny, although no-one got the joke about the entwistle except me. The scene with Elton John (who happens to be my hero) had me rolling on the floor...

GRETCHEN MEYER
Warrenton, Va.

No wonder you were rolling on the floor—you couldn't get to the John!

The first thing I noticed when I picked up my copy of *CRAZY* #13 was the change in your logo. This logotype looks better than the other and centers the page more evenly. I also liked the cover by Cardy, a great lead for your Special Hang-Ups issue. Now, about the inside of the magazine (rest of letter goes on to comment on each and every article)...

JAKE CARTER, JR.
Phila., Pa.

Well, the rest of your letter proves you can't judge a book by its cover!

How about a para-psychological takeoff on "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud." Here we have a scary movie—just right for a *Crazy* treatment.

SHIRLEY WATSON
Washington, D.C.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO ALL MAGAZINE RETAILERS

MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC., has a Retail Display Plan available to all retailers interested in carrying a display allowance on its magazines participating in the plan. To obtain full details of the formal contract, please write to Circulation Dept., Magazine Management Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Under the Retail Display Plan, in consideration of your acceptance and the fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon your request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective as to all issues of the magazine title selected and delivered to you subsequent to the date your written acceptance of the formal Magazine Management Publications, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York, 10022 Retail Display Agreement is received and accepted by our Company.

Yes, but what we're looking for is a crazy movie just right for a proud treatment!

I just finished reading Crazy's Super Special. I love it so much I will never stop buying Crazy magazines. I don't know what I would do without you guys!

JOSEPH GORNEULT
Forestville, Conn.

Stop from getting crazy, that's what!



As you lamented the lack of mail, I decided to give you my scholarly analysis of Issue #12. The rich allegorical implications of your detailed allusions to the 15th century works of Emil Nitrate made "Toadville Trolley" my favorite feature. Second, with its inspired pointillist art, was "Breach of Feh." The remainder of the issue was enlightening and frothily amusing.

JOHN SCANLAND
Sacramento, Cal.

Stop talking like a child!

How come all you repulsive humor magazines put down the 70's as a revolting, drastic, unbearable era of the 20th century? If our strained economy is being put down so much, how come your magazine charges 50¢? The depression was worse than this, and your magazine just relives it over again!

CONNIE WHITELEY
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Which depression are you talking about—the big one in 1929 or your own?

I've got a couple of your magazines and they are really sharp. If you do a satire on "The Jeffersons" I will buy more of your magazines!

KEVIN DAVIS
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Remember now—you put it in writing!

You call yourself "The Magazine That Dares To Be Dumb" and you have not disappointed us. In our fast-paced, highly technological society, it is of supreme importance (indeed, it is necessary) to have something which is utterly, undeniably, unqualified stupidity...

FRED & KAY SCHWINK
Carlisle, Iowa

Welcome to the club!

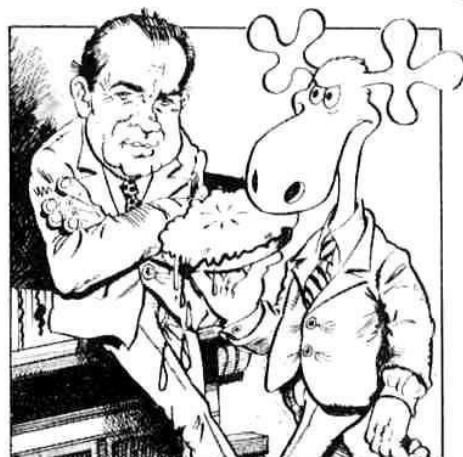


I thought your movie satire "Death Twitch" was extremely funny and your article "Street Gangs Illustrated" was very amusing. In general, your mag is one of the best on the market. By the way, why does the nebbish always wear a raincoat?

ALAN MARKS
Montreal, Can.

Because he's a "flashy" dresser!

Hi! Remember me? I'm the guy who hates "Mooses." I told you



about it in issue #11. (Yeah, that guy!) I still hate them but I do love Crazy. You'd be a lot better off if you stopped doing those ridiculous mooses...

CHRIS POWELL
Phoenix, Ariz.

What you're trying to say is—no moose is good moose!

Even with no time to write I feel I have to write concerning your artist Lee Marrs. Man, don't lose that girl. "First Bra" had the kids in my class rolling in the aisles. You're on to something with Marrs. Bright girl with a bright future!

DICK TROMBLEY
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

We agree—our Marrs' shining bright!

SEND ALL MAIL TO:

TAKE A LETTER TO CRAZY
Marvel Management Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



Here it is, gang... our version of that movie about the big killer shark that weighs umpteen thousand pounds and measures over 600 skedillion yards from the tip of his tail to that arm stickin' out of his mouth! He's just dying to zero in on your tush and crunch it between those...

JAWBONES!



SHERIFF BROODY
Dedicated...
concerned... asacred.



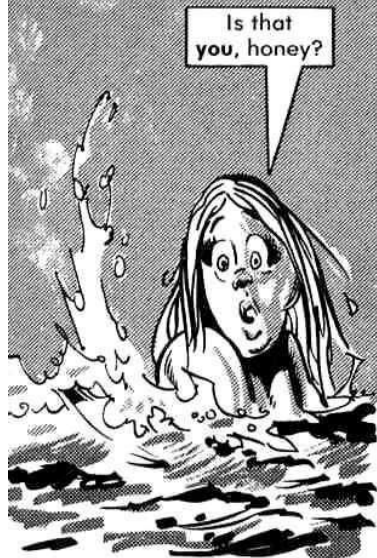
CAPTAIN SQUINT
Such a dirty mouth
on this person.



HARRY POOPDECK
Know-it-all
Ichthyologist



And introducing
the goodyear blimp
as The Great
White Shark!



Is that you, honey?



Hey! That hurt!



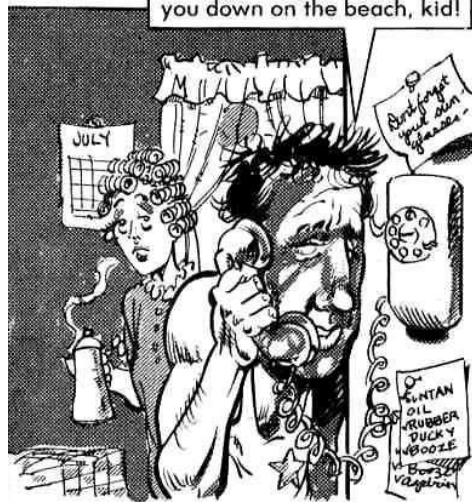
This feels like it's gonna be one of the all time great hickies!



Uh-oh. What's my foot doin' unattached to my leg?



You say you were swimming with some girl last night and now she's missing? Take it easy... I'll meet you down on the beach, kid!



Deputy! Why are you blowing that whistle so much?! Silly goose!



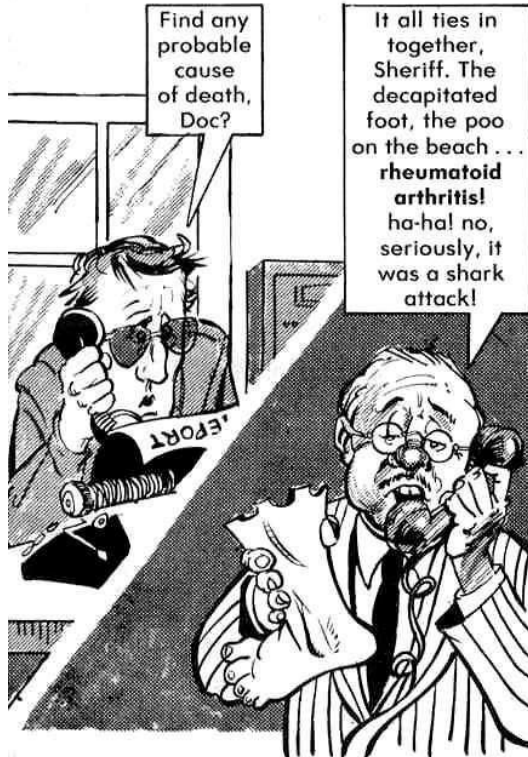
I think I found your missing girl, Sheriff. Leastways what's (gag!) left of her! (choke!)

What coulda kilt her, sheriff? A hit-and-run driver? An elephant? Some kinda "woman's trouble"?

Probably a shark. The beach is thick with shark poo. Killer shark pool!



Find any probable cause of death, Doc?



It all ties in together, Sheriff. The decapitated foot, the poo on the beach... rheumatoid arthritis! ha-ha! no, seriously, it was a shark attack!

I hope the dummies around here get the message!



Hold on, sheriff! This shark scare is going to scare away the tourist money. Besides, the doctor has changed his mind! Right, doc?

Right, mayor! the girl was killed by very deep paper cuts. The victim probably worked with paper a lot.

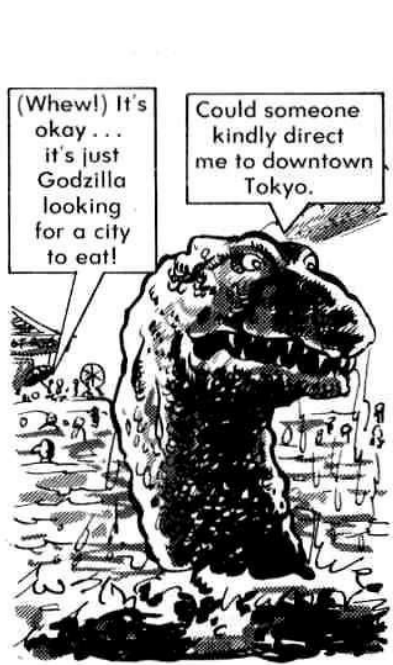




I still think a shark killed that girl. I'm gonna keep a sharp lookout.



S-something's rising out of the w-water!!



(Whew!) It's okay... it's just Godzilla looking for a city to eat!

Could someone kindly direct me to downtown Tokyo.



Yike! More suddenly splashing in the ocean! Fortunately, it's just a German U-Boat with 38 torpedoes primed and ready!

0*#! Road maps tell you everyzing but vut you haff to know!

ATTENTION WORLD: GOD IS BACK-AND IS HE MADE!



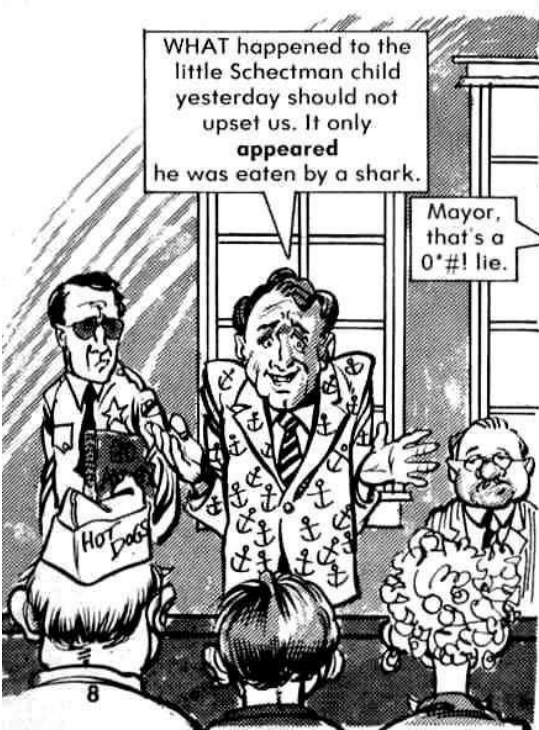
What the ...

What's goin' on?!



Halp! Lemme go!

I promise never to wet the ocean again!



WHAT happened to the little Schectman child yesterday should not upset us. It only appeared he was eaten by a shark.

Mayor, that's a 0*#! lie.

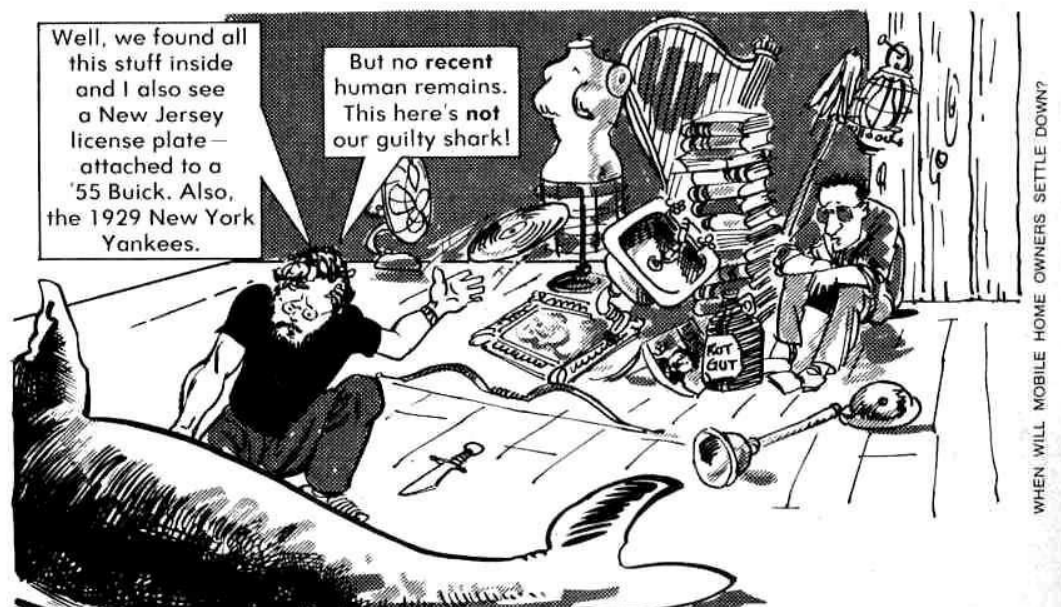
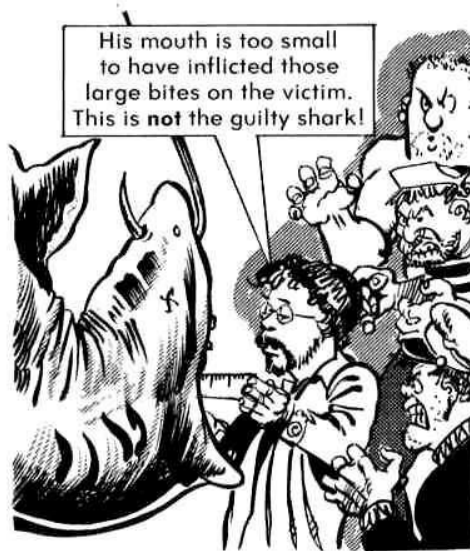
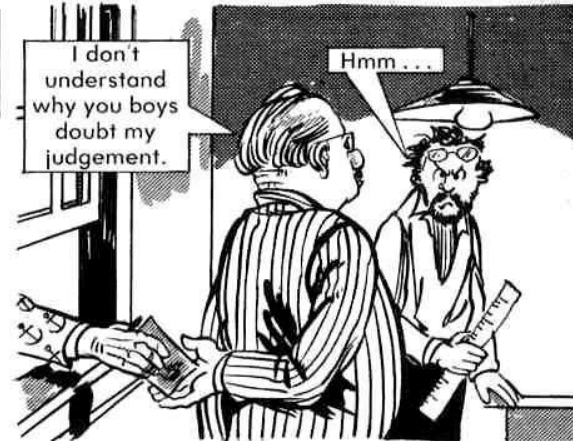
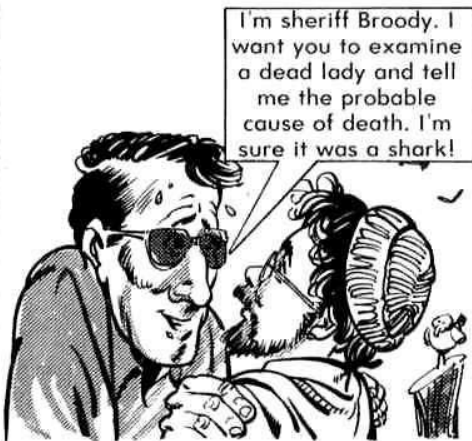
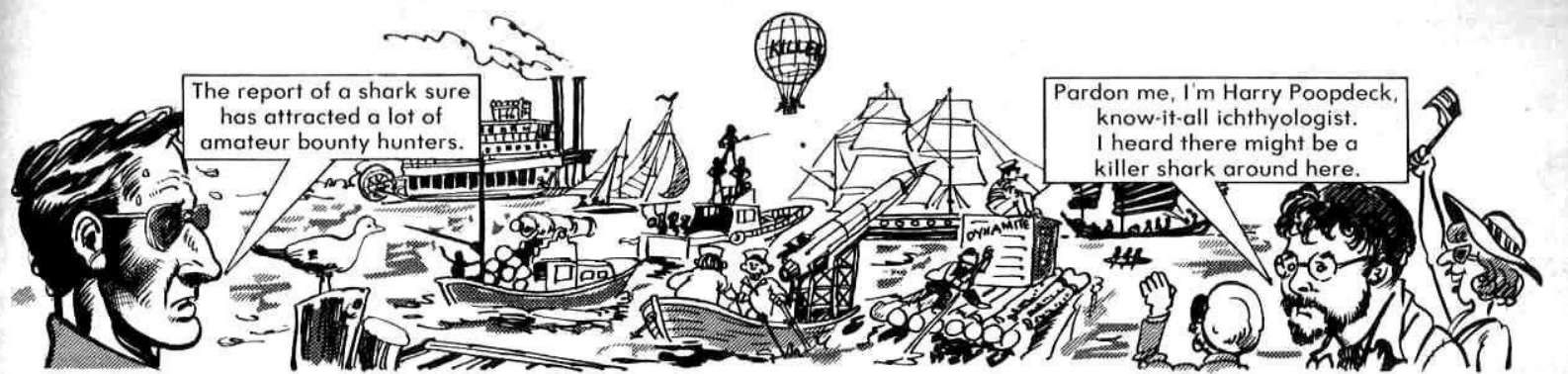
The kid was eaten by a 0*#! shark! Here on this black board, I've made a Highly technical diagram illustrating a typical shark attack.

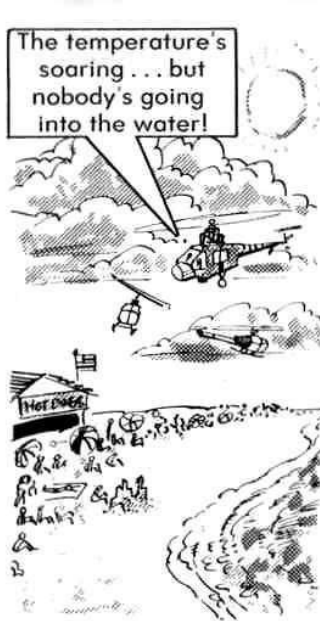
Also, take a look at the 0*#! 8x10 glossies of different shark attacks!

For 10,000 0*#! dollars I'll get that 0*#! shark everybody's censored. whadya say?

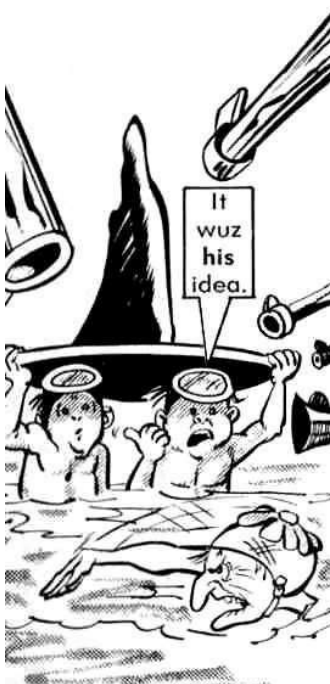
Er... we'll (gag!) let you know, Captain Squint.

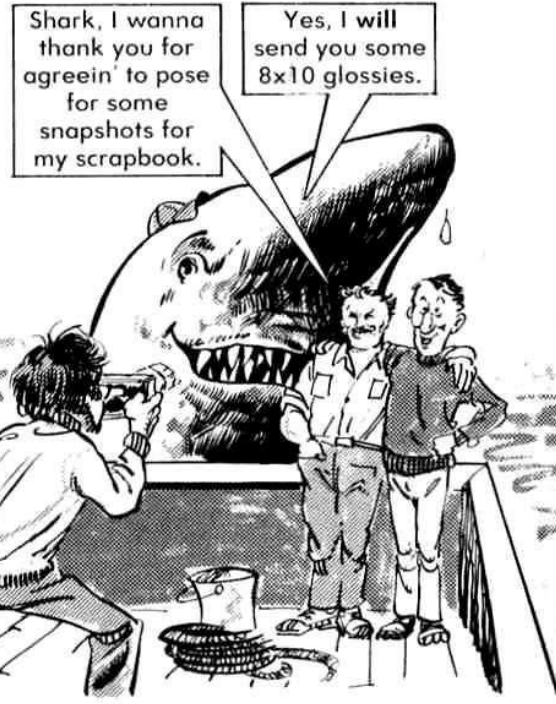
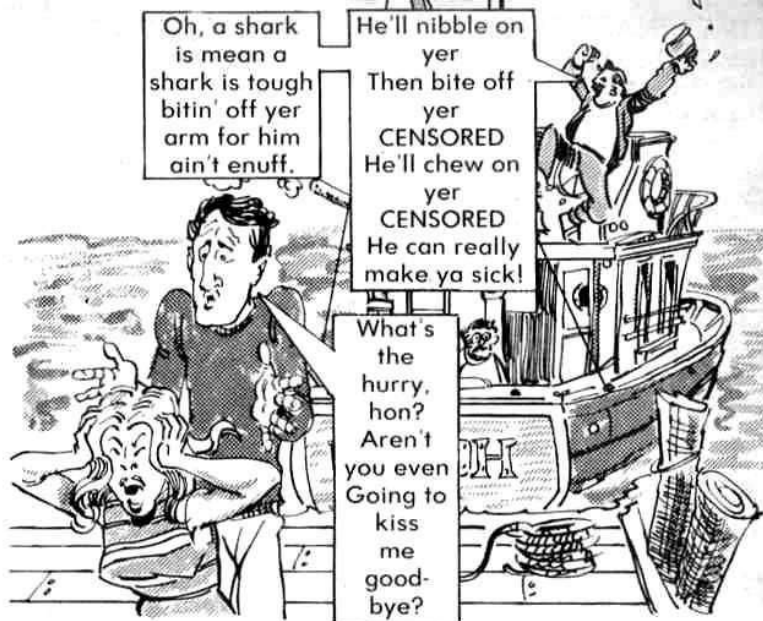






SIN NOW PRAY LATER!







Take a look at this!
I was attacked by a
school of sharks and
they did this before
I beat 'em off!



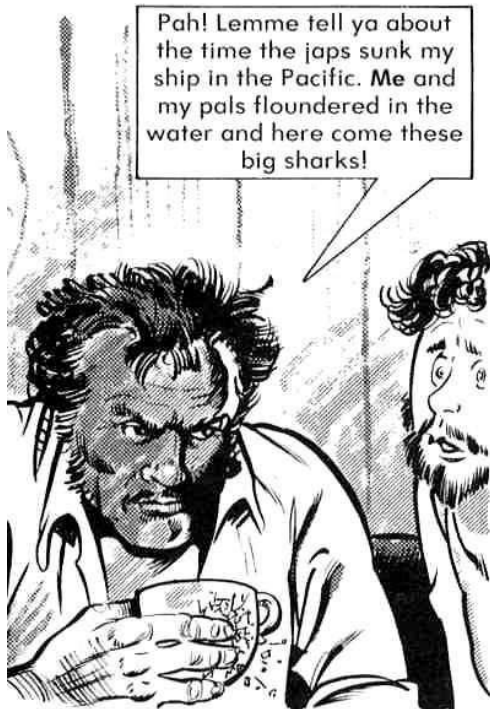
A school of sharks?
Heck, I was mauled by
a University of whales—
just off the coast of
Scotland!



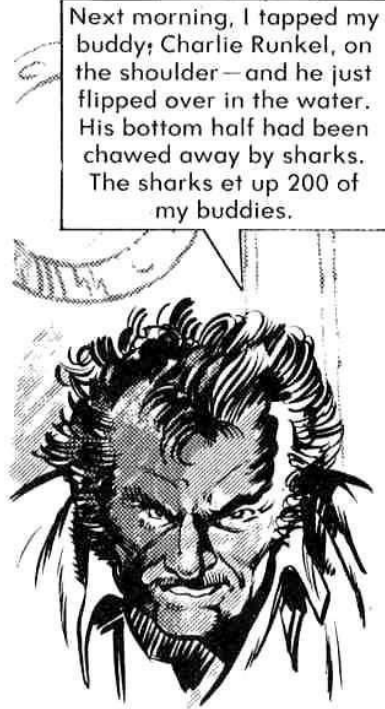
That's nuthin'! I got
these scars from a
pack of sharks off the
coast of Kansas!



Er...
well...
I've had this
painful zit
all week!



Pah! Lemme tell ya about
the time the japs sunk my
ship in the Pacific. Me and
my pals floundered in the
water and here come these
big sharks!



Next morning, I tapped my
buddy, Charlie Runkel, on
the shoulder—and he just
flipped over in the water.
His bottom half had been
chawed away by sharks.
The sharks et up 200 of
my buddies.

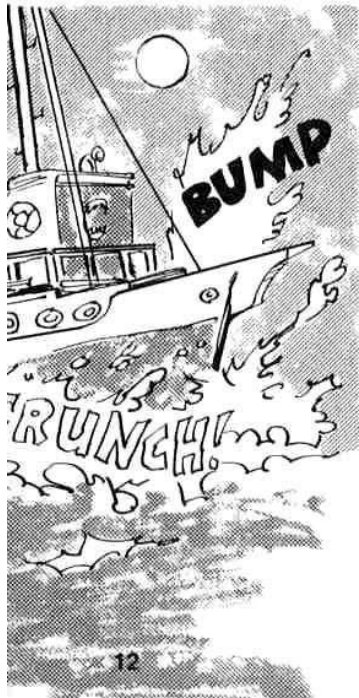


Help!
Danger!
Calling the
Coast
Guard—
The National
Guard—
Right
Guard—
Arrid Extra
Dry—
Anybody!



Uh-Oh

KERUMPH!



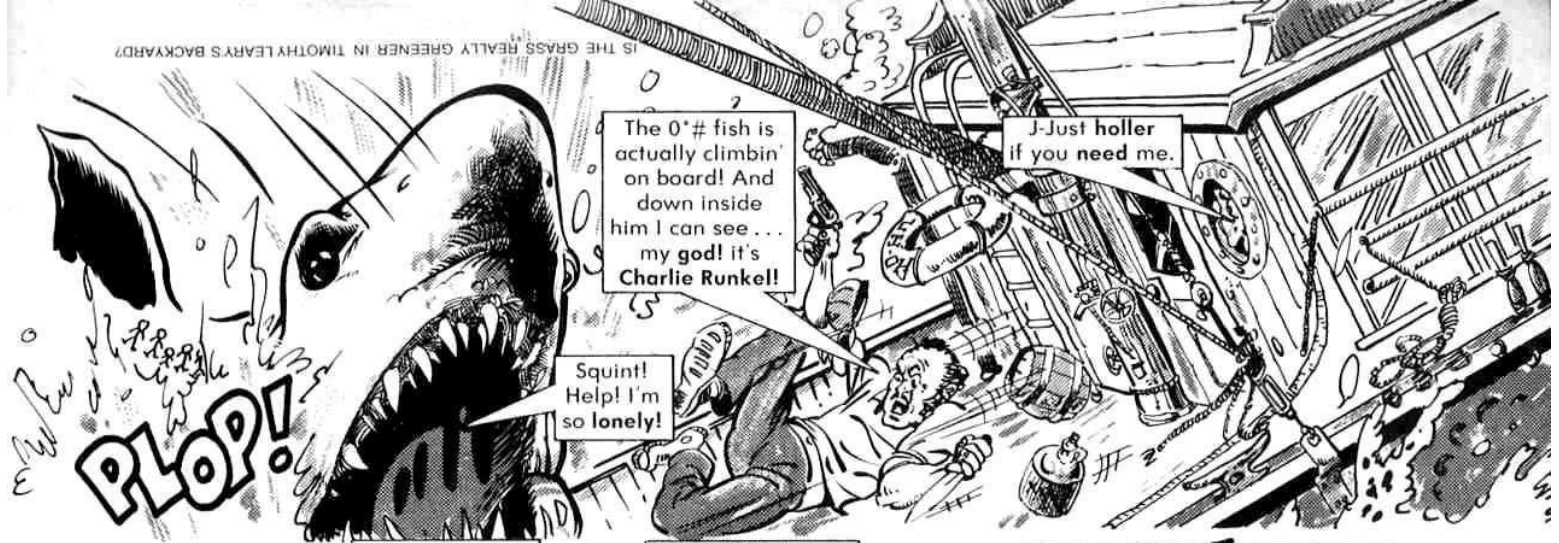
That shark is really
making a pest of himself!
Why don't you volunteer
to go down in the cage
and reason with him!

I'll hold
your
glasses.



What was it
my mother used
to tell me? Ah,
yes—when
attacked by a
shark, place
yourself in the
middle of a
large city.

KEEP NEW YORK CLEAN—THROW YOUR TRASH IN NEW JERSEY!



The 0*# fish is actually climbin' on board! And down inside him I can see ... my god! it's Charlie Runkel!

J-Just holler if you need me.

Squint! Help! I'm so lonely!

Boy, if I get out of this alive, Am I gonna have some scars to show off!

OH no! It's chewin' up the boat and comin' after me!

GRASH!

Mebbe all this stuff will appease his appetite!



Hot dang! Prune juice never fails to do the job!



BRAAPP!!

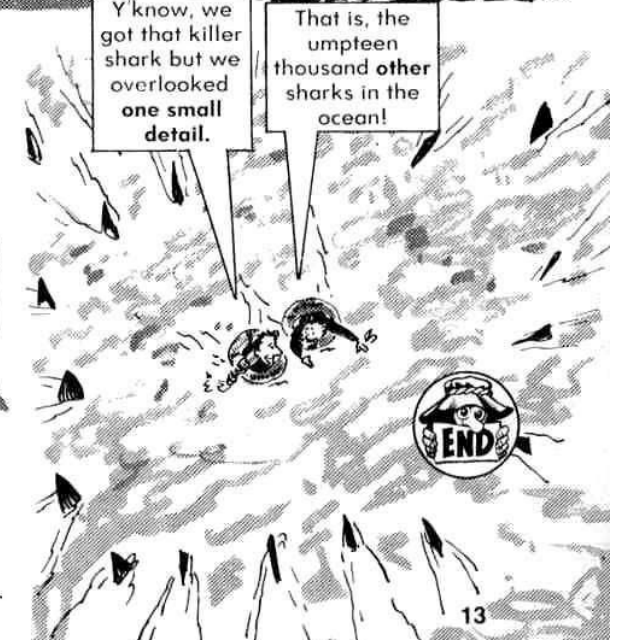
(Sob!) I dood it! I kilt the shark! Yay!

Where? How? Who? What inning is this? We got men on base?

Poopdeck! You're alive! Hey, I killed the shark and it's clear sailing home!

Y'know, we got that killer shark but we overlooked one small detail.

That is, the umpteen thousand other sharks in the ocean!



Dear John Letters That Changed

THE GIRL SCOUTS HAVE SOLD OUT!

DEAR BENEDICT ARNOLD,
I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO TELL YOU THIS BUT I'VE
FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN. HE'S IN THE
ARMY AND I'M GOING TO MARRY HIM. PLEASE TRY
TO FORGET ME AND DON'T DO ANYTHING SPITEFUL. I
KNOW YOU'RE THE TYPE WHO LIKES TO GET EVEN
BUT BE A GOOD SOLDIER AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN.
GOODBYE FOREVER,
PHYLLIS



Dear Nero,

This comes hard for me to say
but I've run off with another
man. Don't try to follow us.
We've gone so far away that no
matter what you do you'll never
smoke us out.

Forget me,
Selma.

NORM CROSBY TELLS IT LIKE IT IS!



Dear Vincent,
I see now that your love of
painting is far greater than
your love for me. I think it
best we never see each other
again. I have one little request
though. I would like something
to remember you by. Some little
thing of yours that I can carry
with me all the time. I think
you owe me that much.

Friendly,
Margie

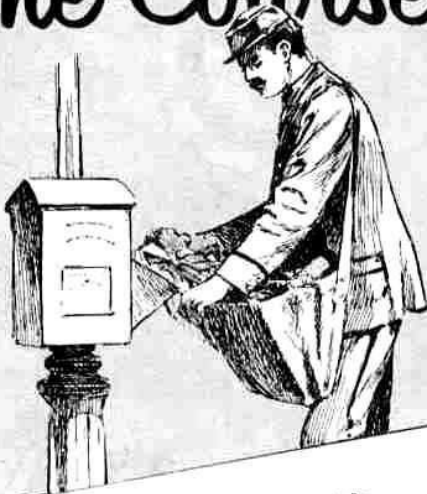
Dear Dr. Jekyll,
I'm sorry to have to hurt you like this but I've fallen
in love with someone else. He is so completely your
opposite that I was swept off my feet. You don't
know him as he's new in town, but I'm sure you'll
want to wish Mr. Hyde and I the best of luck.

Regretfully,
Elizabeth



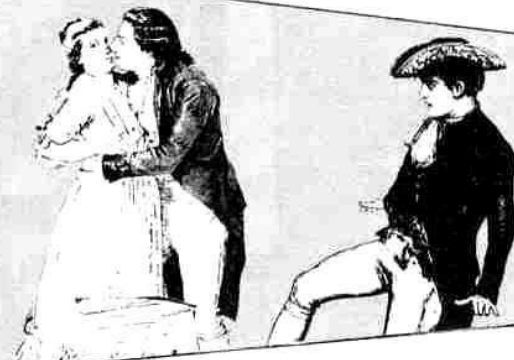
The Course Of History

Writer: Paul Lamont



Dear Chris Columbus,
I can't bear to tell you this but I've
decided to run away. I simply can't go
on like this and you won't get a divorce.
Please don't try to get in touch with me
as I'm going so far away that you can
search for years and never find me.
Tenderly,
Rhoda

Dear John Wilkes Booth,
I don't know how to tell you
this but I've decided to go back
to my husband. Now I know you're
hot-headed and have a quick
temper but try not to do
anything rash. I can't meet you
tonight as Abe and I are going
to the theatre. Please don't
make any trouble.
Hopefully,
Mary



Dear Leonardo,
I can't go on posing for the portrait
and knowing that you belong to another,
so I'm leaving you. I'm know it's a bad
time as the portrait is almost finished
except for the mouth. But I just can't
stand it a minute longer. Get someone
else to pose, someone who can at least smile.
Always,
Mona



Dear Ponce,
I've decided it best that we don't see each other
again. It would never work out considering the
difference in our ages. I simply couldn't be happy
with a man so much older than myself. Now please
give up and forget the whole thing.

Sorry,
Henrietta



SIGMUND FREUD ATTRACTED WEIRDOS!

HELP
STAMP
OUT
SIGNS

— A CRAZY SIGN —

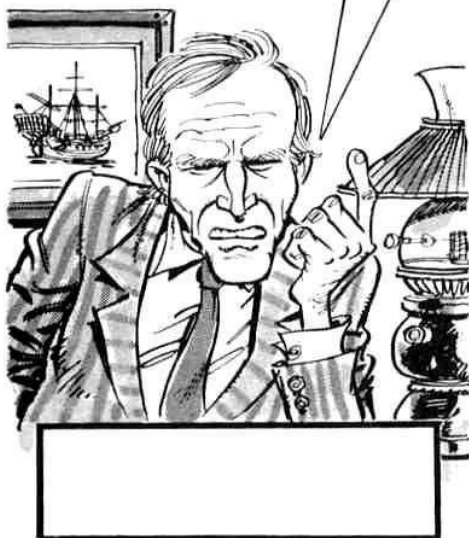
CRAZY'S BICENTENNIAL MINUTES

200 YEARS AGO TODAY

—PART ONE—

Artist: Vance Rodowalt

Hello out there. This is Harlton Cheston bringing you the first in a series of short, but dull, Bicentennial Minutes...



Two hundred years ago on this very day, George Washington was standing in the garden of his Mount Vernon estate trimming a dandelion bush...



Thomas Jefferson was taking a snooze in a hammock on the White House lawn...



Benjamin Franklin was engrossed in a game of pinochle on the steps of Constitution Hall...



Alexander Hamilton was out trout fishing in a little stream near Martha's Vineyard...



...while Martha was out cavorting with Aaron Burr somewhere in the Back Bay area!



THE MEEK SHALL INHIBIT THE EARTH...

You may have been expecting more exciting happenings, but what can I tell you...



I mean, after all, it was a very long Revolution...



Every day couldn't be a winner, now could it...



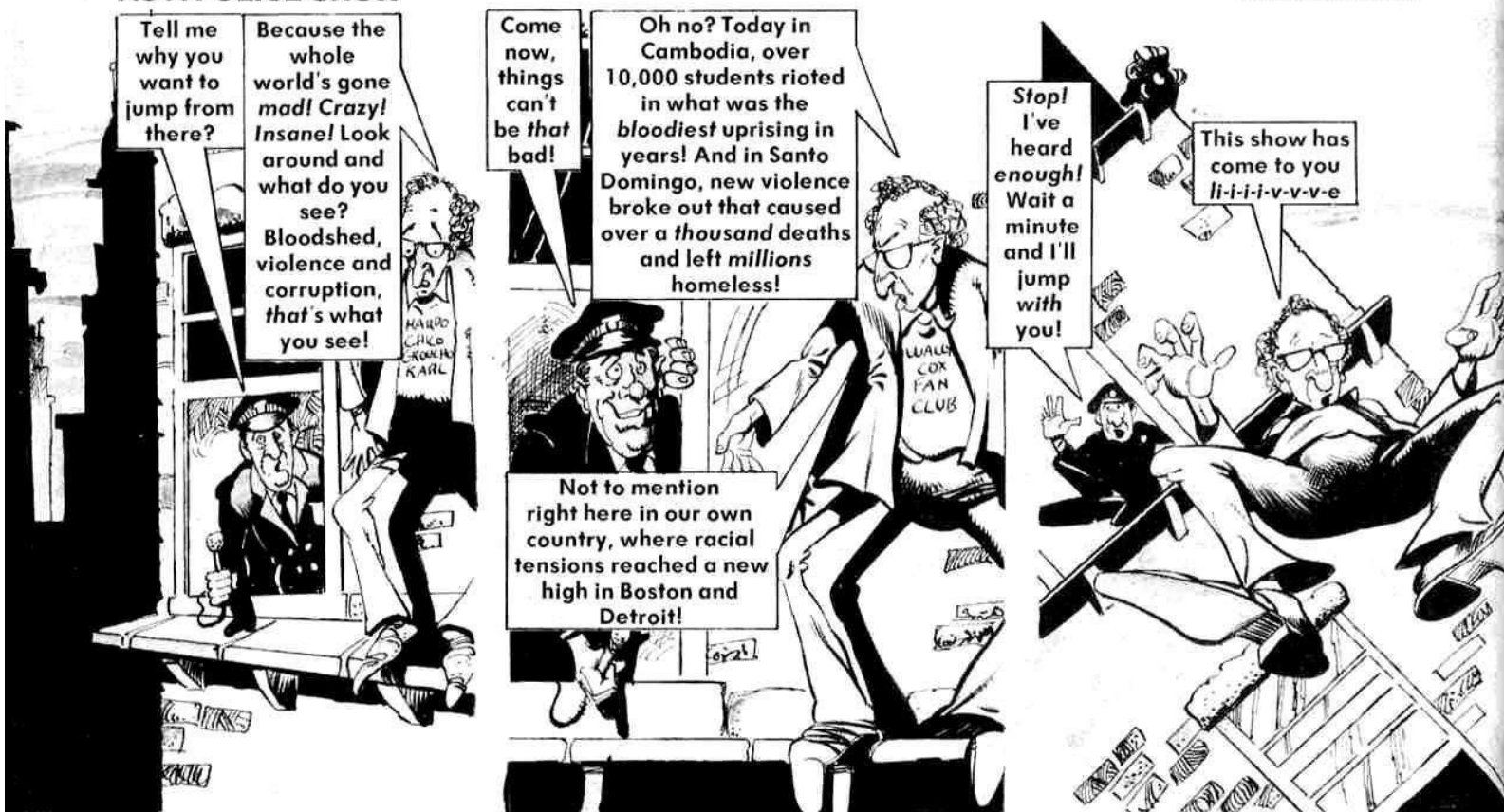
If you think I'm finished you're wrong again. I've got more exciting Bicentennial Minutes coming up in a few pages...



The top-rated TV News Shows today ate the ones that use comedy relief in their broadcasting. A good example is the Eyewitness News Team out of New York. They keep breaking each other up all the time as they report the dismal happenings. And other news teams have already followed suit. We figure when this trend grows weary, the commentators will turn to other forms of programming to bolster their ratings. Like ferinstance, these CRAZY suggestions on ...

Writer: Paul Lamont
Artist: Bob Smith

AS A POLICE SHOW



AS A MEDICO-PSYCHO SHOW



HOW TO MAKE TV NEWS EVEN MORE ENTERTAINING

AS A SPY SHOW



AS A GAME SHOW



AS A SOAP OPERA

When we left the world yesterday, Moshe Dayan and King Hussein were arguing bitterly over the Sinai boundaries when Russian Premier Kosygin stormed in to denounce Henry Kissinger. Meanwhile, back at the U.N., Tito and Castro were planning to surprise Mao-Tse Tung, unaware that Indira Ghandi and Golda Meir had already spoken to President Ford about Chou-En-Lai. As we look in today, we find Nelson Rockefeller speeding to the home of Pierre Trudeau in the hope of finding out whatever happened to Haile Selassie...



AS A CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Today it was really hot in places like the Congo, Southeast Asia and the island of Cuba. And tomorrow will get even hotter in places like East Berlin, Thailand and Saudi-Arabia. Much of the discomfort is due to a lot of hot air blowing in from the Soviet Union. Despite this, things are expected to cool off quite drastically in the area between Red China and Russia. That's this little cold war area right here. On the home front, we are experiencing great fluctuation in the climate of the entire country, but it's expected that in places like Washington, D.C., for example, there will be no change whatsoever!



AS A SPORTS BROADCAST

WHEE-EE!! Yes-sir-ee, boys and girls, it's story-telling time! Zow-ee, we have a hum-dinger for you today—right off the front page! Now, for all of you who've been following our thrilling chapter of the news as it's been happening, you will remember that the Japanese, who used to be the bad guys, are now the good guys. And the Chinese, who used to be the good guys are now the bad guys. And like everything's all mixed-up, yes-sir-ee, bob! Let's look in now and see how the bad guys are making out with the good guys, in the next exciting chapter of our fantastic real-life story...



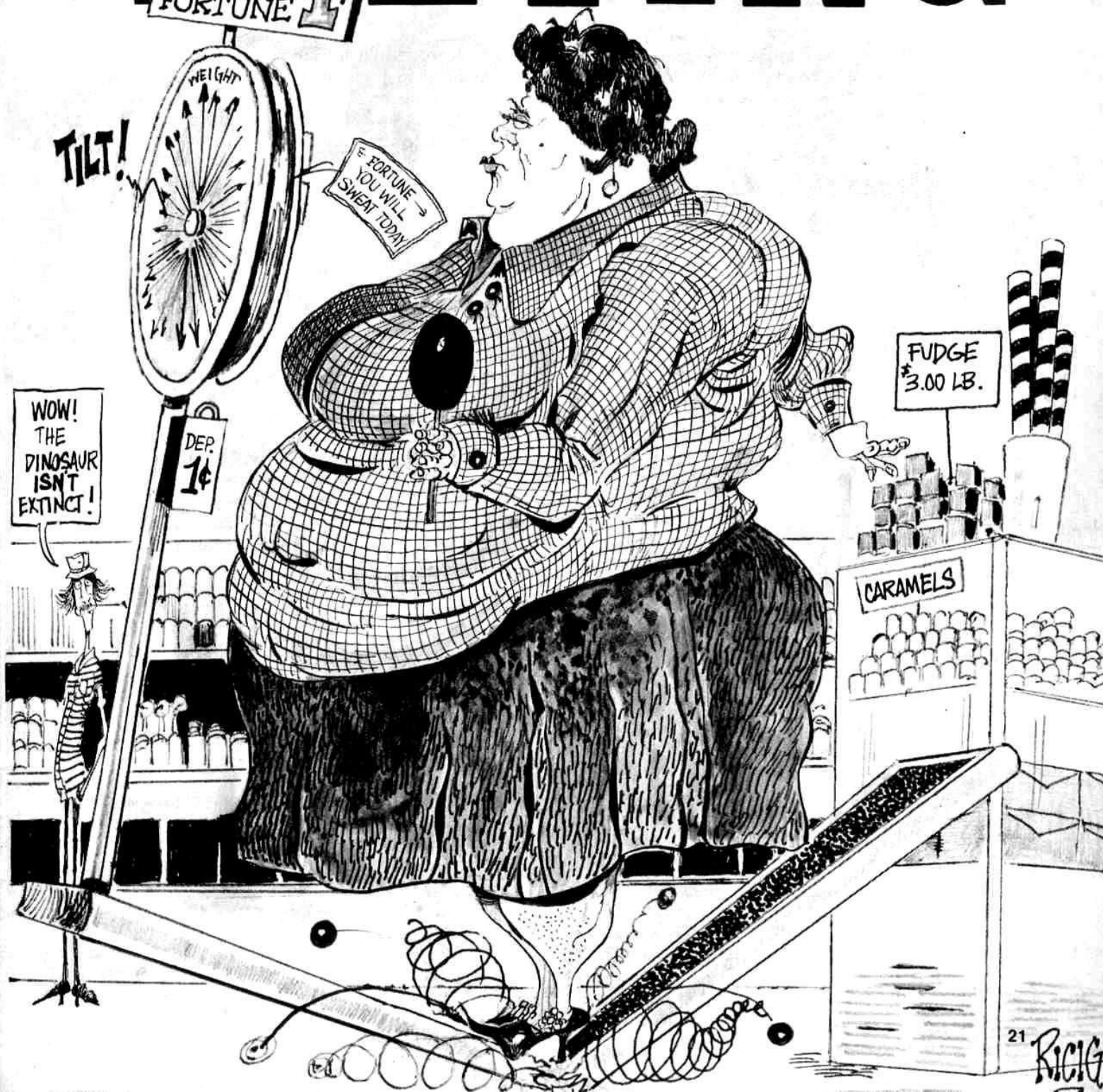
AS A WEATHER REPORT

Hi, there, news fans! It was really a slam-bang, jammed-packed day out there today, you bet you! The big news comes from Washington where they proved once again they really know how to play ball. The new Ford Tax Bill was defeated by Congress by a rousing score of 86-49. And here are some of the scores from today's major disasters. In Laos it was Commies 876, U.N. Forces 98 in a bone-crushing contest, and in a skirmish between Indian and Pakistan forces the dead count was India 69, Pakistan 47. Tune in tomorrow for results of the big Israeli-Egyptian clash at the Suez border. And remember—it's not how you play the game in this world, but whether you win or lose that counts!



Friend, when you walk down the street, do children hide behind their parents and yell, "Fat, fat, water rat?" Do punks ride by in cars and oink at you? Does the girl at the box office charge you for two tickets? If so, it may be to your advantage to face the facts and admit it: you are no longer "pleasantly plump" nor were you ever "big-boned." You are a SWINE, a PIGGO! You're obese! You're just plain FAT!! But don't give up hope. You can shed those ugly excess pounds faster than you think. And you'll find out how in...

A CRAZY WHITE PAPER REPORT ON THE ART AND SCIENCE OF DIETING



Fat Under Fire: the Psychology of Bulbousness

by **Dr. Rabis Q. Fabotnik**
(deceased), world-renowned
authority on nutrition and
flatboat maintenance



For decades the American society and American women in particular have been curiously obsessed with combatting obesity. Now more than ever we are bombarded with ads and sales pitches urging us to lose "that unwanted weight."

Why? I'll tell you why! Because the American male is foolishly repulsed by flab. Whether it droops in thick folds from beneath a bathing suit or peeks slyly from a pair of tight-fitting slacks, Mr. John Q. Public is turned off, nauseated, insulted, and sickened. There is nothing more offensive to the sight of the American male than a 400-pound beauty clad in shorts and a halter top. This attitude, however, does not prevail in many societies across our wide and wonderful world.

In Africa, the Chy tribe prides itself on breeding the fattest women alive. Chy women are trained from infancy to consume anything they can get their hands on.

It is recorded that in a frenzy of hunger, Chy women have attacked and devoured the capital city of Samaliland on two separate occasions. They ate everything—buildings, sidewalks, trees, sewers, automobiles, and the entire police force. Chy women are the traditional bodyguards of their males, who spend up to twenty-two hours a day gathering roots and berries and hunting game for their mates to eat. We believe the thought of such enormously powerful women is profoundly disturbing to the average American male.

Dieting in America has become the new national pastime. Many women take great delight in being first on their block to experiment with a new diet. Some women diet just to be fashionable or to give them a topic for lively conversation in their otherwise drab suburban lives. Some even invent diets themselves and claim their methods are the latest rage in Europe. In fact, dieting has replaced smelling nice as the nation's number one status symbol. Most Americans would rather be skinny and stink than be a fat rose.

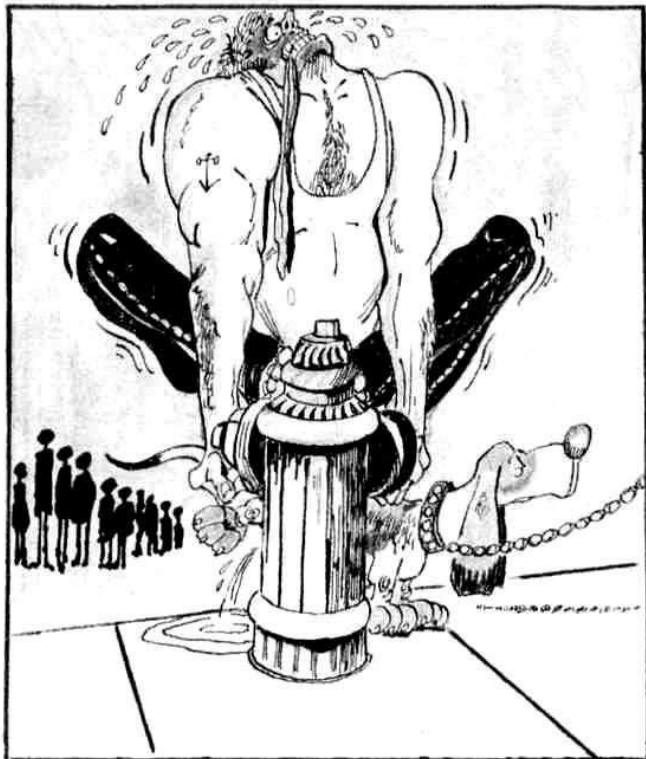
American business has been quick to capitalize on the Obesity Obsession. Exercise spas, diet clubs, fat farms, and diet food manufacturers proliferate across the country. Some of these establishments are less honest than others.

A diet club in Goosebay, New Mexico, was shut down by court order for convincing a 376-pound woman that she had lost 276 pounds in just forty-five minutes on their exclusive "BlubberSuck" reducing machine. The woman bought a bikini the next day and was arrested for indecent exposure. The machine was later discovered to be a vacuum cleaner equipped with sound-effects paraphernalia to simulate the noise of flesh being ripped from the body. The woman was awarded damages totalling 8,000,000 calories.

In another such instance, a health club was charged with rigging its barbells and convincing its members they could lift far more weight than they were truly able. One victim, assured he could heave 5,000 pounds over his head, decided to prove it to his friends by ripping a fireplug from the sidewalk with his bare hands. Two years and seven hernia operations later, he also collected damages. But he still cannot wear tight pants.

Obviously, what this country needs is a revolutionary new view on what is beautiful. We must learn to accept that fat is where it's at, not only thin. We must teach ourselves not to gag when we see a person whose jowls





reach the ground or whose arms resemble pliable telephone poles. We must learn not to puke in the presence of a person who eats in a frenzy with both hands. We must convince ourselves that two chins are twice as nice, and three or four are heavenly. We must make room in theatres, classrooms, and on park benches for those who spread out when they sit down. We must accept the fact that Blubber Is Beautiful.

Many scientists claim that current diet mania has been brought about by our society's new awareness of the health hazards of overweight. But I say "bull" to that. I say carrying around thirty or forty extra pounds is good for you! It makes the heart work harder, and we all know that the harder a muscle works, the stronger it gets. We need to work our hearts hard when we are young, so that when we get old and horrible diseases cause extreme weight loss, we will be secure at least that our most vital organ is vigorous and powerful.

For this reason, I have opened my own health spa in Forgrook, Connecticut, right next door to the Fabotnik Neurological Clinic and directly across the street from Fabotnik's 24-Hour Key Emporium. At my spa, patients eat starches and fats until they are, as our slogan says, "Obese Beyond Belief," and their hearts are pumping away at full tilt. After two weeks of exposure to my "Intense Ingestion" method, they are unleashed upon the world to spread the word of Fabotnik.

In the future, I shall also be marketing a line of high-calorie, pre-prepared foods designed to provide 4,000 time the typical daily caloric intake for the normal person. The Fabotnik Ready-to-Gorge Breakfast, for example, consists of a dozen doughnuts, a quart of buttermilk, a bag of pretzel rods, half a loaf of Italian bread, a gourmet selection of raw shortenings, and for dessert, a chocolate-covered cherry. All this comes packaged in an attractive foil wrapper for easy heating in your oven or kiln.

I believe that by gaining weight now, people can amass mass, which according to Einstein is energy, to be used

in the waning years of life. What's more, my theory is economical. My patients save money on clothing, since they can buy canvas by the yard very cheap at tent-makers' stores. And they have no need for shoes since their mode of transportation is *rolling*, not walking.

I do not say that my plan is right for everyone, but I believe it has value for those who do not fear the label: "social deviate." Those who dare to be different. Those who want to be fat slobs and don't care what others think or do or say about them behind their backs.

If you are one of these people, please contact me through this magazine. Although I am dead, all mail will be forwarded to me. Get with the Fabotnik program. Save your energy. Save your heart for when you'll need it. Be a pig, a swine, a lardo, a two-belly, a rolly-poly, a grotesque, a blubber-puss, a fatso. *Get fat now before it's too late!* Protect yourself with a 17-inch layer of lard. Watch those cars bounce off when they hit you. See others move aside with respect. See the side of the door as you ooze through. Don't just get *in* shape, get a



shape! Win prizes at carnivals! Join the carnival! Who knows... maybe someday you'll reach the ultimate, outer limits of fat and earn a place in the *Guinness Book of World Records!*

Fat can be asset. Just take the time to find out for yourself. Try five or ten pounds and see. Don't back out now! Eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat! It will make a new man or woman out of you! Maybe two or three.

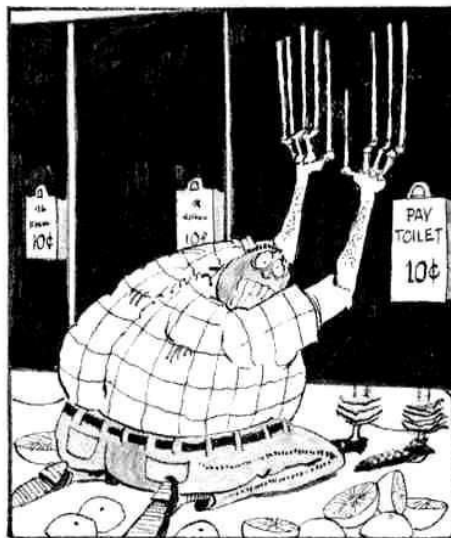
Editor's Note: Readers are cautioned to take Dr. Fabotnik's advice with a grain of sugar substitute. He's really smart, kids, but he's been known to fly off the deep end before, like the time he tried to disprove the Law of Gravity by standing on his head and jumping up to the sky feet first, using only his knees for propulsion. He's never been the same since, actually. But then we don't know if he was the same before, either. —S.R.G.

DON'T BE A FAD SLOB!

Okay, so you've decided you really are a horse, and you've gotta lose some of that ugly poundage *fast*. Good for you! But consult your doctor before you start your diet. And don't fall for any of those get-thin-quick schemes like the ones our CRAZY researchers have exposed:



The Banana Diet. The dieter eats only bananas at every meal. Body quickly adjusts to available nutrient source. Weight loss begins immediately as hair sprouts all over and dieter itches and scratches all day, burning up calories. Dangerous if you have long fingernails.



The Grapefruit Diet. Dieter eats one grapefruit and drinks three glasses of water before each meal, resulting in minimum of 15 trips daily to bathroom, thus eliminating waste fat while providing plenty of healthful exercise. Abandon diet immediately in airports or bus terminals or carry a roll of dimes in each pocket.



The Drinking Man's Diet. Dieter consumes a fifth of gin before each meal. Dieter is lucky if he can walk to the table, thus misses meals, and weight loss is achieved through abstention. Drawback: attendance at weekly A.A. meetings may prove inconvenient.



The Spiderweb Diet. Webs are eaten twice daily—once in the morning and once on the way to the poison control center. Especially handy for people who own spooky Victorian mansions with lots of spiders to provide webs (they're expensive at the store). Not recommended for dieters with history of diabetes or jungle rot.



The Sneaker Diet. Dieter sneaks into locker room and eats sneakers, preferably dirty, smelly ones. Combination of sweat and rubber causes body chemistry to alter, speeding up metabolic rate, producing weight loss and really horrible halitosis. For best results, doctors recommend Size 8½-Triple-E.



The Cigarette Butt Diet. Frees dieter from carrying around special foods or pills and from weighting portions of food. Recommended intake is three ashtrays per day. Nibbling is permitted between meals. Not recommended for persons with allergies to substance such as micronite. **Caution:** plastic filters may be hard to swallow. Chew thoroughly.



Dear Abyss

Salt-free, high-protein answers to frequently-asked questions about fat

Dear Abyss,

For the last seven years, I've been overweight. I've tried diets and consulted doctors, but I can't muster the willpower to last more than one day without eating. I am 4'6" and weigh 484 pounds. I am tired of being the target for cruel and unusual jokes about my weight and height. I'm sick of my husband and daughter asking me to stay in the garage when they have friends over. What can I do?

Two-Ton Tillie



Dear Tillie-4000,

You have two alternatives: either wire your mouth shut so you can't eat, or commit suicide. Both will result in rapid weight loss. But whichever you choose, you must also learn to defend yourself against your family's misplaced sense of humor. Send 25¢ for my booklet, written just for you, entitled: *How To Defend Yourself Against Cruel and Unusual Jokes About Your Weight and Height*. It contains snappy comeback lines like "So!" and "Same to you!", which anyone can master. I'm sure it will be a great comfort to you.

Dear Abyss,

I am a middle-aged man and am about thirty pounds overweight. My wife and children are constantly bugging me to lose that extra baggage, because they say it can cause a strain on my heart. My doctor agrees. But, heck, I see plenty of men fatter than I am walking around, laughing it up, and having a swell old time. They don't seem worried about heart attacks, and some of them are even older than I am. I feel guilt-ridden about ignoring my loved ones' advice, but I'm not sure they're correct. Can you help me solve my dilemma?

PLUMP & HAPPY

Dear Plump & Happy,

If you're already thinking of yourself as two people, then, yes, it's time you lost weight. You are lucky to have a family and friends who take an interest in your health, even if they do nag and get obnoxious about it. Still, perhaps you harbor deep-seated resentment toward your loved ones and would like to kiss them off. If so, send 25¢ for my booklet, *Coronary Thrombosis: Pros and Cons*. It may answer many of your questions.



Dear Abyss,

I am an attractive 18-year-old college cutie. Although I have no problem getting dates, I run into trouble every time a boyfriend asks if I can find a fix-up for his soldier buddy who's in town for the weekend. I hesitate because my best friend Anita is a pig, a real skag, and humongously rotund. She wonders why I don't help get her dates, and since the only time she's ever been asked out in her life was that one frat party (which was a weird scene, man, oboy-o-boy!), I think she's getting suspicious of me. How can I tell her she's got to lose weight without hurting her feelings and ruining our friendship?

PUZZLED

Dear Puz,

Send her my new pamphlet, *275 Ways for Fat Folks to Play Solitaire With One Hand on a Sandwich*, available for only 25¢. Maybe she'll take the hint. If not, fix her up with a Greyhound bus next weekend.



Dear Abyss,

I am nine years old, and I have a friend named Ralph who is fat. How come when Ralph comes over to play and my mommy gives us lunch or a snack, Ralph always pushes me away and eats everything, huh? What can I do about this? I know you can help, because you once answered my letter about Grandma. Remember. I am the one who asked why Grandma missed the toilet so much.

LITTLE GUY

Dear Little Guy,

Next time Ralph pushes you away from the food, politely point out to him that it's better to share, and if he doesn't, Bert and Ernie won't like him anymore. If that fails, punch him hard in his fatso gut and eat like hell before he gets back his wind. If he still persists, lock him in the john with Grandma if she's still alive, and that will cure him, I'm sure. Glad I could help you once more. It's always nice to hear from my little readers. (I am sending you a copy of my new pamphlet for kiddies, *Pre-pubescent Porno Explained in Pictures*. Hope you find it useful, you're cute!)

Millions of disgustingly fat human beach balls have wasted away to nothing by our exclusive, patented method of weight loss. You too can look like a concentration camp graduate by joining...

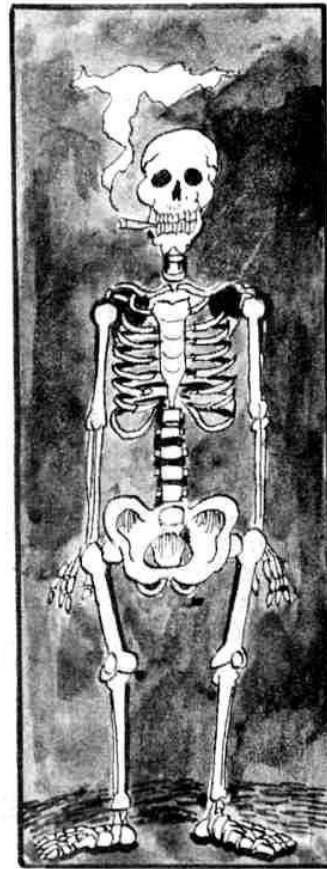
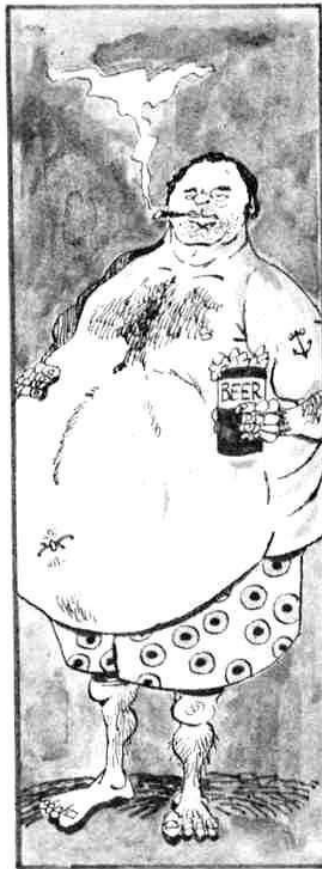
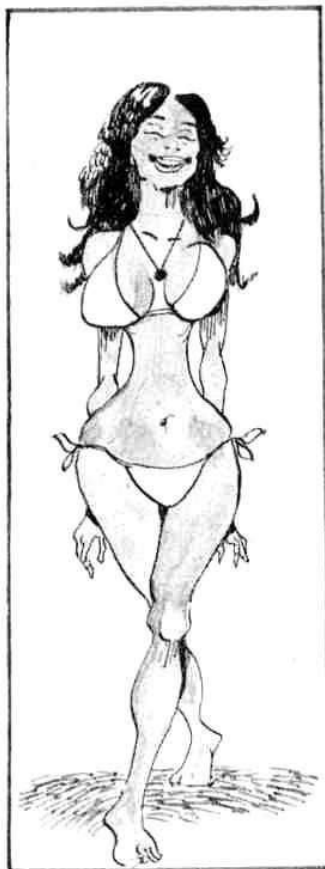
OBESE OBSERVERS INTERNATIONAL

"BEFORE"

"AFTER"

"BEFORE"

"AFTER"



Mrs. Julie Woldrop: I lost 194 pounds and 137 inches. I'm much happier and healthier now. I can walk! **I can walk!!**

Mr. Homer Doofstroot: I can't believe it. No other diet works like Obese Observers. I lost 283 pounds in seven minutes!

You, too, can benefit from our years of research into the physical, psychological, and cosmic reasons why people become repulsively, sickeningly, grotesquely fat. We know why you eat, look, and probably smell like a hog. And we can help you! All it takes is determination and enough money to attend our weekly meetings, in which we shame the pounds off you with ninety minutes of ranting, raving, insults, and gross jokes about heart failure, kidney disease, and pleated slacks. Just fill out the coupon below and be on your way to a slimmer, trimmer you! We guarantee that in just six weeks your entire body will be able to fit in a single snapshot!

OBESE OBSERVERS INTERNATIONAL

777 Madison Avenue Sweat Hog, Iowa 11118

Name _____ Age _____ Height _____ Circumference _____

Sex: _____ M _____ F _____ Other _____ Can't Remember

Weight: _____ Less than a car _____ More than a car _____ Can only be expressed in scientific notation
_____ Beyond calculation, even by computer

I want to lose: _____ my gut _____ my butt _____ my jowls _____ my third chin _____ my truck registration

My Favorite Food is: _____ vegetables _____ meat _____ lard, straight from the can _____ anything I can get

I remember what my feet looked like: _____ 1 yr. ago _____ 2 yrs. ago _____ never saw 'em

I am insulted by: _____ friends _____ family _____ strangers _____ my own reflection _____ everyone

I hereby certify that I am 21 years of age and sane. Enclosed is my check, money order, or food stamp coupons for \$8962.51. Please rush my Obese Observers Manual and your heavy-duty cattle scale.



CRAZY'S BICENTENNIAL MINUTES

200 YEARS AGO TODAY

—PART TWO—

Artist: Vance Rodewalt

Hi there. This is Harlton Cheston again with another very short, but boring, Bicentennial Minute . . .



It was two hundred years ago today that the Liberty Bell was first installed over Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

Now, are you ready for the initial reaction the townspeople had when they first saw it?



They said, "Man, it isn't all it's cracked up to be!"

Heh-heh, that's a little joke, folks! Ain't that somethin' else?



REMEMBER WHAT ALAMO?



The current State Lottery in New York together with the flux of Off-Track Betting Offices in the same state have shown that government can make money by resorting to different forms of gambling. This started us thinking. Suppose this gimmick was used by the Federal government? Suppose our national leaders started gambling to bring the loot in? Suppose we stop now and consider what might happen . . .

IF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT STARTED GAMBLING

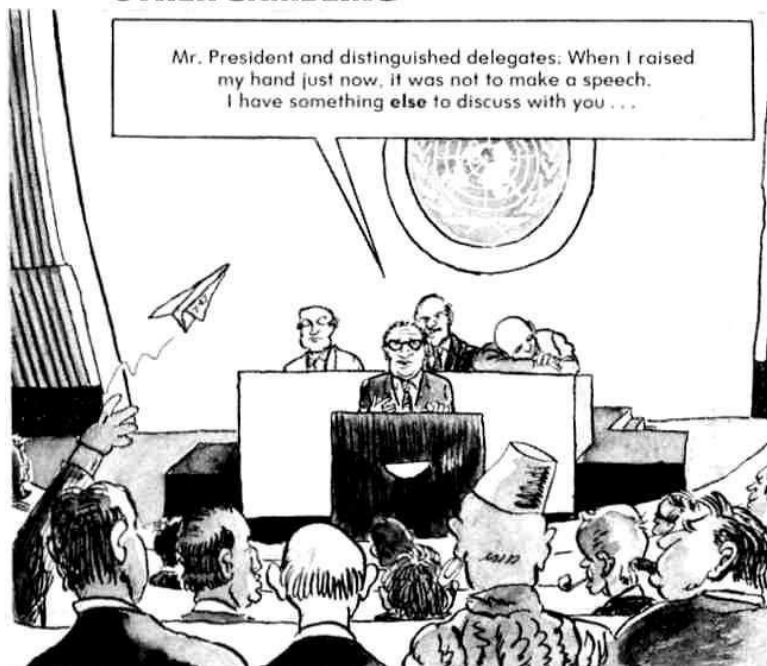
DICE GAMES

Writer: FRANK WAIL

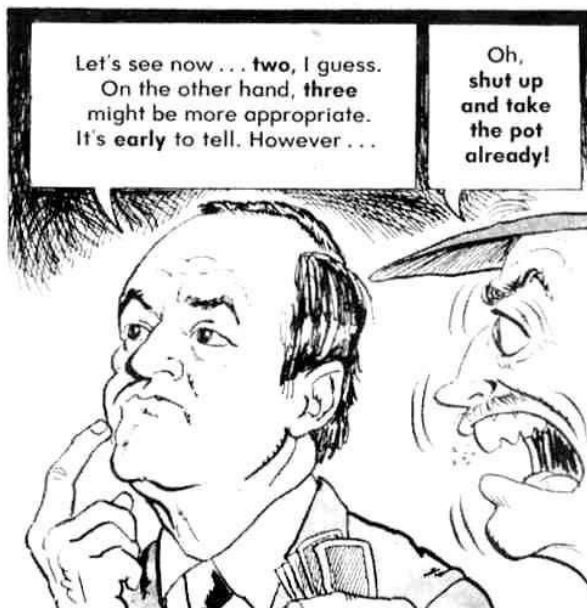
Artist: MURAD GUMEN



OTHER GAMBLING



POKER GAMES



BINGO GAMES



AND ON TELEVISION ...



Since everybody's doing it, here are
CRAZY's entries in America's popular
gag fad...

DON'T BELIEVE THE SCEPTICS!

GOOD NEWS BAD NEWS

BAD NEWS: You got leprosy!
GOOD NEWS: You don't have to
to the Army!

BAD NEWS: My daughter married a
psychopathic axe-murderer.
GOOD NEWS: He's a good provider!

GOOD NEWS: Doubleday loved your manuscript,
just ate it up.
BAD NEWS: Doubleday is my German shepherd!

GOOD NEWS: Contrary to public opinion,
machines are not replacing men
in industry.
BAD NEWS: This is a recorded message!

GOOD NEWS: I finally found an apartment
for you in Mid-Manhattan.
BAD NEWS: Two flamenco dancers live upstairs!

GOOD NEWS: Nine out of ten people
interviews loved CRAZY Magazine.
BAD NEWS: The tenth person is
our distributor!

BAD NEWS: Your son developed a
pock-marked face.
GOOD NEWS: He finally learned how
to eat with a knife and fork!

BAD NEWS: Your chickens all have
St. Vitus Dance.
GOOD NEWS: They're laying scrambled eggs!

GOOD NEWS: President Ford is
going to Red China.
BAD NEWS: He's coming back!

GOOD NEWS: Your wife just remarried
and so your alimony payments stop.
BAD NEWS: She remarried your boss and
so you're fired!

GOOD NEWS: I have a cashier's check
for you in the amount of one
million dollars.
BAD NEWS: My name is Michael J. Anthony!

GOOD NEWS: Gilligan's Island will
not be seen tonight.
BAD NEWS: Instead we are bringing you
a special address by the President
of the United States!

GOOD NEWS: The United States has just
built its first one-billion
megaton anti-matter bomb.
BAD NEWS: It works!

GOOD NEWS: The Governor just stopped
the execution, your sentence is commuted.
BAD NEWS: Sorry I got here too late!

BAD NEWS: Your son fell in love
with a chicken.
GOOD NEWS: It's only a physical
attraction he feels!

BAD NEWS: Your son wants to marry
a girl of another faith!
GOOD NEWS: He fell down and broke
his leg this morning!

GOOD NEWS: Those photos I took
came out beautifully.
BAD NEWS: Your wife will be able
to recognize both of you!

Writer: FRANK WAIL



WILL EISNER'S Gleeful Guide to ASTROLOGY

SCORPIO

RULING PLANET
Pluto

COLOR
Dark Red

METAL
Iron

ELEMENT
Water

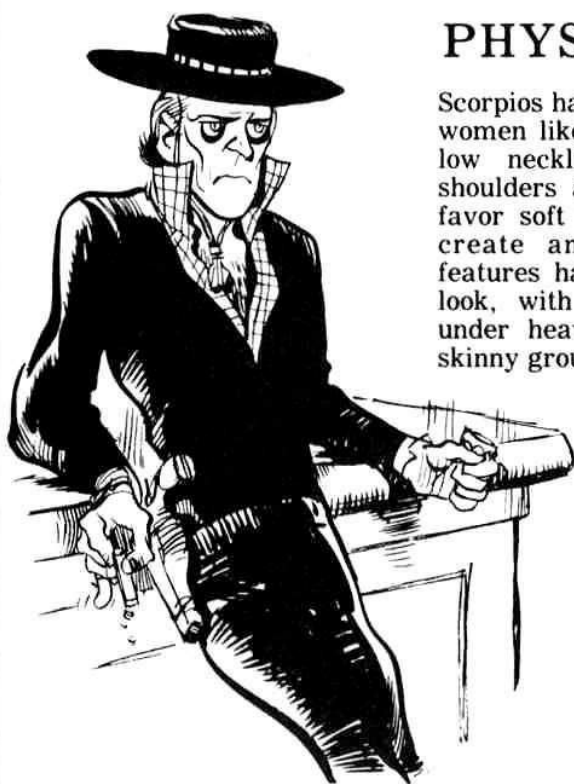
GEMSTONE
Opal

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A SCORPIO

These are intense people and at first their manner, rather than their physical appearance, will identify them. They stand out at gatherings or in dinner parties because their low emotional boiling point thrusts them into the eye of conversational storms. Usually they are brow-beating an intellectually inferior Gemini. Frustrated when unable to express themselves fully, they sometimes even get physical when making a point.

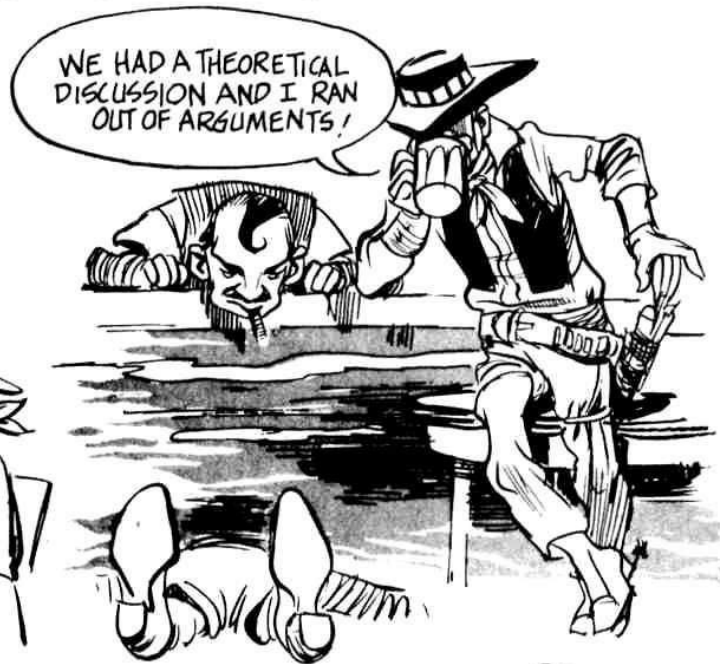
PHYSICAL TRAITS

Scorpios have a very sexy look. Scorpio women like Mexican-type blouses with low necklines that show off their shoulders and bosoms. Male Scorpios favor soft black leather and dress to create an air of mystery. Their features have a hatchet- or eagle-like look, with penetrating eyes deep-set under heavy brows. They are not a skinny group.



WORKING WITH A SCORPIO

Approach Scorpio people with care. They operate on a high emotional frequency. So, if you know what's good for you, avoid those Scorpions with whom you think you will not agree entirely. They make great gunslingers and fandango dancers in frontier cafes.



For heaven's sake, don't put a nuclear-deterrent system in the hands of Scorpio people! They're liable to get mad enough to use it!



One can pick up "good deals" cheap from Scorpions. They have a tendency to abandon projects at the brink of success—just to start another.

SEX WITH A SCORPIO

Face it! The Scorpio sign rules the genitals!



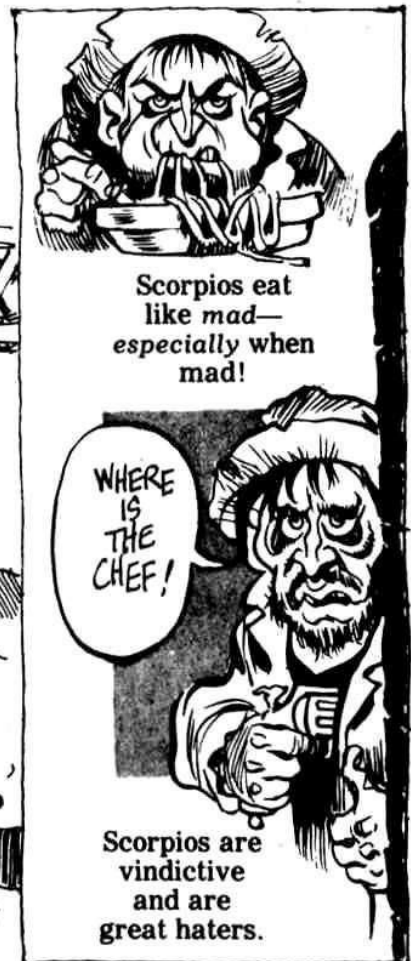
If you like kinky stuff, Scorpions are for you.

If you really like to swing, seduce a Scorpio but hold onto your hat! It may be more than you bargained for. Can you cope with all that volcanic violence, a remarkably magnetic charm plus an imagination that runs riot?

COPING WITH A SCORPIO



Don't ignore a Scorpio's intuition. It operates on a very high frequency.



Scorpions eat like mad—especially when mad!

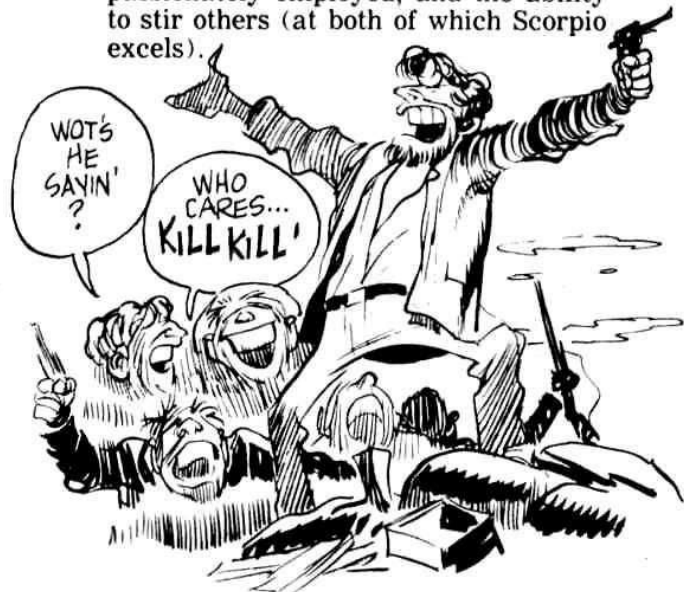
Scorpions are vindictive and are great haters.

THE BEST PLACES TO EMPLOY A SCORPIO

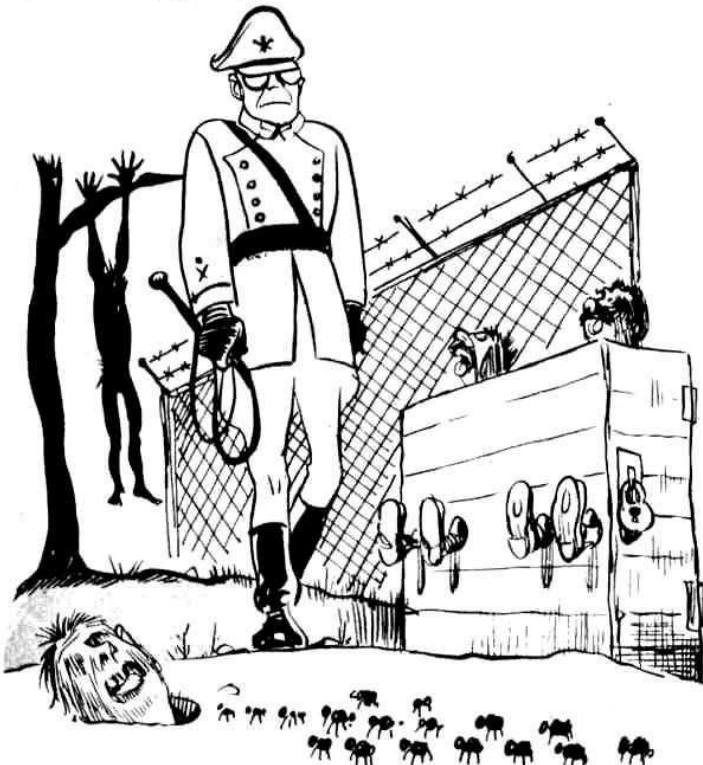
Let them conduct a purge of dissidents—preferably in a left-wing political party (preferably Maoist).



Put a Scorpio in charge of a revolution—the bloodier the better. Here, expressing oneself coherently is not so important as powerful feelings, passionately employed, and the ability to stir others (at both of which Scorpio excels).



If you know of an opening for a sadistic concentration camp commandant—by all means recommend a Scorpio for “on-the-job” thoroughness, ferocity and a soaring imagination.



But don't bet your whole wad on them. Scorpions often act on partial information which is usually why a lot of them never quite make it all the way.



How To Use This Chart

1. Determine your own Sun Sign.
2. Find your Sign in left hand column.

A QUICK REFERENCE GUIDE TO LIVING WITH A SCORPIO

3. This chart is for the reader whose Sun Sign appears in the left hand column.

4. It tells you how you interact with the Sun Sign heading.

INTERACTION TABLE

If You Are...

MARRIAGE
(With a Scorpio)

SEX LIFE
(With a Scorpio)

BUSINESS
(With a Scorpio)

SOCIAL LIFE
(With a Scorpio)

ARIES	Mayhem!!	Wow!!	Hire a lawyer	Scrappy!
TAUROS	Heh, heh, yes!	Patience	Long-term	Stable
GEMINI	Hard work	Watch out!	Could prosper	Good
CANCER	You'll get hurt!	Kinky!	Banking!	So, so
LEO	Boom!!	Wild	No way!	A scrimmage
VIRGO	Bickering	Eech!!	Successful	Great
LIBRA	Won't last	Low-key	Will prosper	Fast
SCORPIO	Good!	Good!	Fights, but—	Arguments
SAGITTARIUS	A jail term!	Hit-and-run!	Hard work	Not easy
CAPRICORN	Not bad!	"Iffy"	It'll succeed!	Good!
AQUARIUS	Forget it!	You run it!	Forget it!	Brittle
PISCES	Yes!	Sex and tears	Okay!	Try hard!

GIFTS

FLOWERS

Nicotiana
Thistle
Arnica

JEWELRY

Pins, pendants
in the shape of
daggers, guns
or poison rings

CLOTHING

Tight-fitting,
soft leather
Gypsy blouses
Shoes with
spurs

AUTOS

Cars with hub
spikes, very
strong bumpers
and death-ray
headlights

SPORTS

Karate
Fencing
Bullfighting
Stomping
Australian
football

BOOKS

Mein Kampf
Machiavelli
Marquis de Sade
Spanking
magazines

DISASTER CHART

HEALTH:

Digestive problems.

MORTALITY:

Many die by lynching!



FORECASTING
FOR A
SCORPIO:

Many will make it as revolutionary leaders, pro-football coaches or political terrorists.



Ten years after publication of Jessica Mitford's revealing book, *"The American Way Of Death,"* the undertaking profession has once again come under public scrutiny. The tragic thing is, studies show that *nothing* has changed in all this time. It's still the same old *money-making racket* it always was. Now, judging from the way all undertakers manage to talk and act alike, we figure there must be some *centralized school* somewhere out there that turns them all out like an *assembly line*. Something like this one we dreamed up as...

CRAZY VISITS A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR UNDERTAKERS

Writer: Paul Lamont

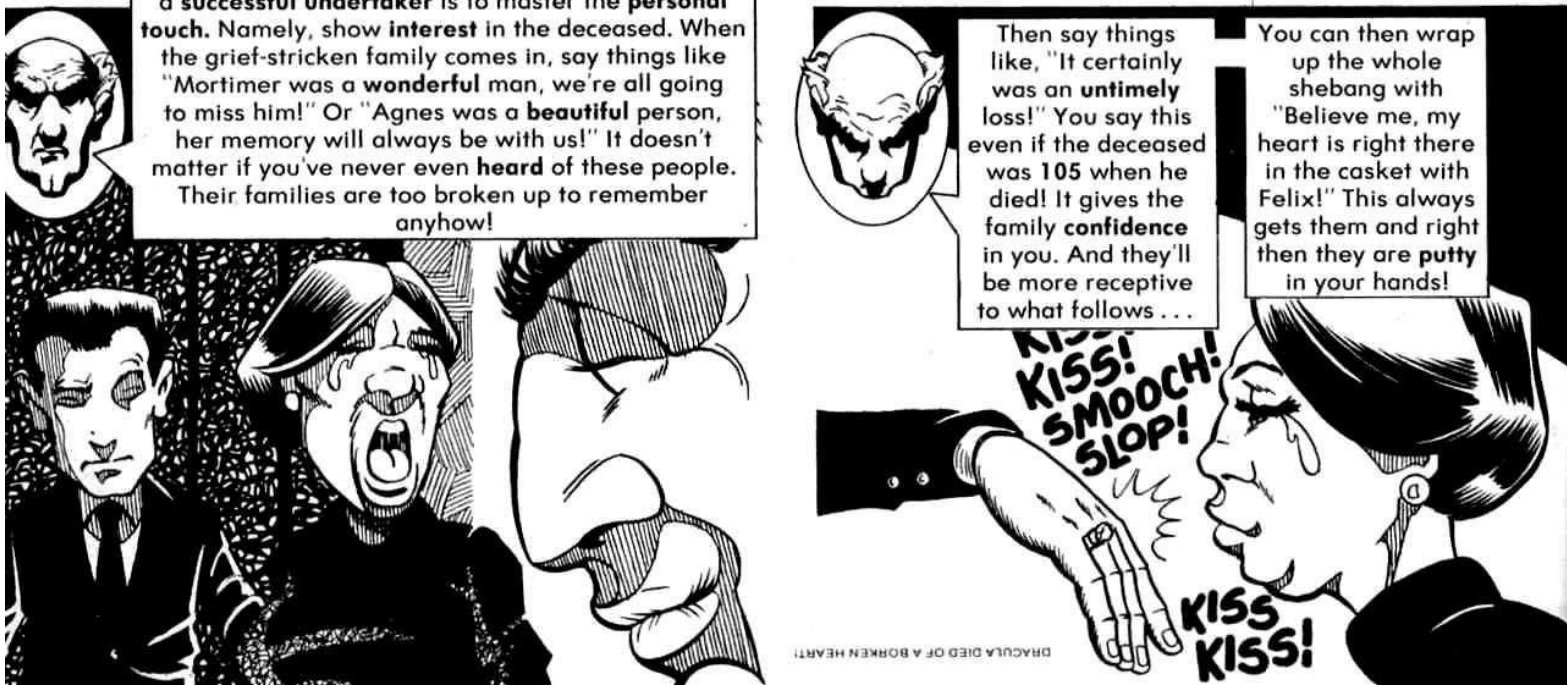
Artist: John Workman

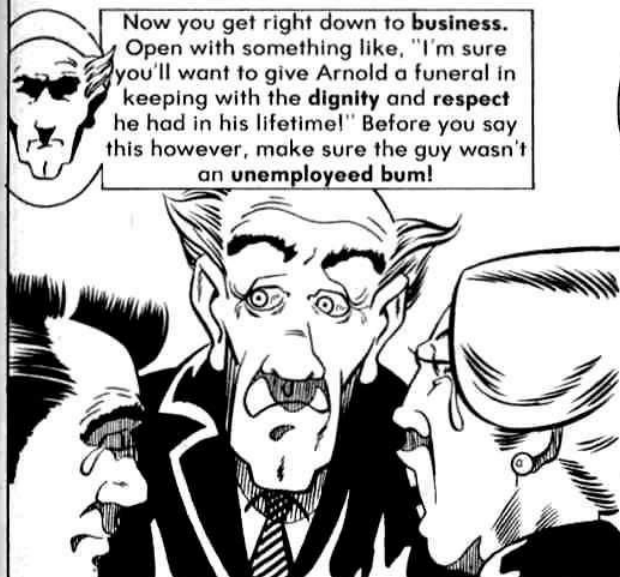


Now, the first thing to remember if you want to be a successful undertaker is to master the **personal touch**. Namely, show **interest** in the deceased. When the grief-stricken family comes in, say things like "Mortimer was a **wonderful** man, we're all going to miss him!" Or "Agnes was a **beautiful** person, her memory will always be with us!" It doesn't matter if you've never even **heard** of these people. Their families are too broken up to remember anyhow!

Then say things like, "It certainly was an **untimely** loss!" You say this even if the deceased was 105 when he died! It gives the family **confidence** in you. And they'll be more receptive to what follows...

You can then wrap up the whole shebang with "Believe me, my heart is right there in the casket with Felix!" This always gets them and right then they are **putty** in your hands!





Now you get right down to **business**. Open with something like, "I'm sure you'll want to give Arnold a funeral in keeping with the **dignity** and **respect** he had in his lifetime!" Before you say this however, make sure the guy wasn't an **unemployed bum!**



The next step is selling them the **casket**. First you show them the **expensive ones**, the mahogany jobs with the pearl handles for \$1400. Naturally they'll ask if there's anything **cheaper...**

You then drag them into the next room where you keep the **decrepit-looking caskets**—wooden egg boxes piled on top of each other. Of **course** they'll wind up buying the **expensive one!**



Next come the **incidentals**. Let's assume it's a \$2,000 funeral, determined by the casket. You've led them to believe this is **all** they'll have to pay. But just when they're ready to sign, you say "Of course you'll want the casket placed into the **ground!**" How can they refuse? This adds another **\$75** to the bill...

Then ask them "Would you care for a **hole** dug in the ground first?" Point out that they can save money by digging it **themselves**. But you'll find they'll usually agree to the extra **\$35...**

Right away you come on with some "**miscellaneous items**" like a hearse ride to the cemetery—**\$45**. Put it to them this way: "You wouldn't want to take a **cab**, would you?" Also, **embalming** the body—**\$120**. "You want him to smell nice for the family, don't you?"...

The bill now comes to **\$2275**. Stop here unless you know they have **more money**. You would do well to find out how big the **insurance policy** is before you start the negotiations!



Another important job you will have is to line up all the **extra cars** you supply to take overflow guests to the cemetery. Since each car brings you **\$35**, you act accordingly...



Try to put one mourner in every car. At worse, never have more than **three** in a car—even if you have to break up **families!** Mumble something about "**safety regulations**" and things like that. Everybody is so confused and grief-stricken at this point that you can get away with **anything!**



To be a "modern" undertaker today, you must learn the new "terminology" of the trade. Up to now I've used the old terms for the sake of clarity. But on the job, never—**BUT NEVER**—use those terms...

For example, you are not an undertaker—or even a mortician. You are a **Grief-Therapist!** A casket is a **Repose Bed**. A hearse is a **Slumber Wagon**. Your place of business is a **Layaway Parlor**. And the entire funeral is a **Memory Picture!**



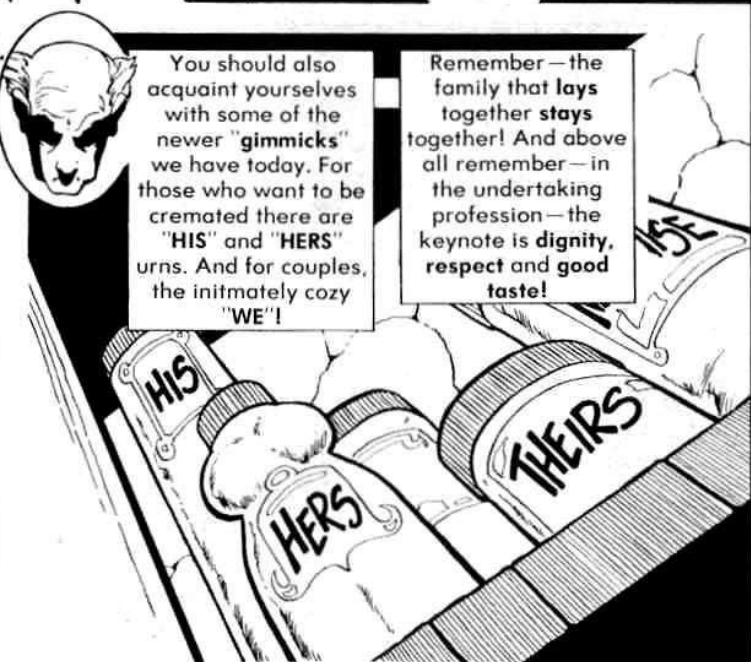
It is important to use those terms since the whole **concept** of death has changed today. No longer is it a **sad** occasion. It is a **happy** time!

You must project to the mourner that death is **beautiful**. Have plenty of colorful flowers around and **Muzak** coming out of the walls. As **Grief-Therapists**, your job is to make death **fun!**



You should also acquaint yourselves with some of the newer "gimmicks" we have today. For those who want to be cremated there are "**HIS**" and "**HERS**" urns. And for couples, the intimately cozy "**WE**"!

Remember—the family that **lays** together **stays** together! And above all remember—in the undertaking profession—the keynote is **dignity, respect and good taste!**



HAHAHA!

That's it for today, class. We'll all meet here again **tomorrow**, we should live and be well.

If not, be thankful anyway—that's the **basis of our business!!**



CUSTOMER HAD IT COMING.

CRAZY's STRAIT JACKET



THE SIX-MILLION DOLLAR MAN RUNS ON ONE-
A-DAY MULTIPLE VITAMINS WITH IRON!

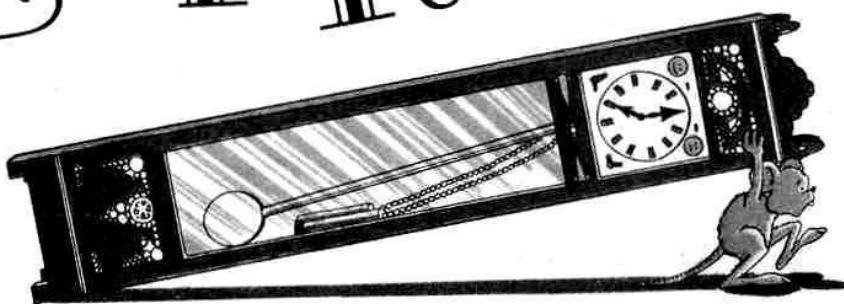
There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
But a friend of hers
Who lived next door,
She didn't have any children
She knew what to do!



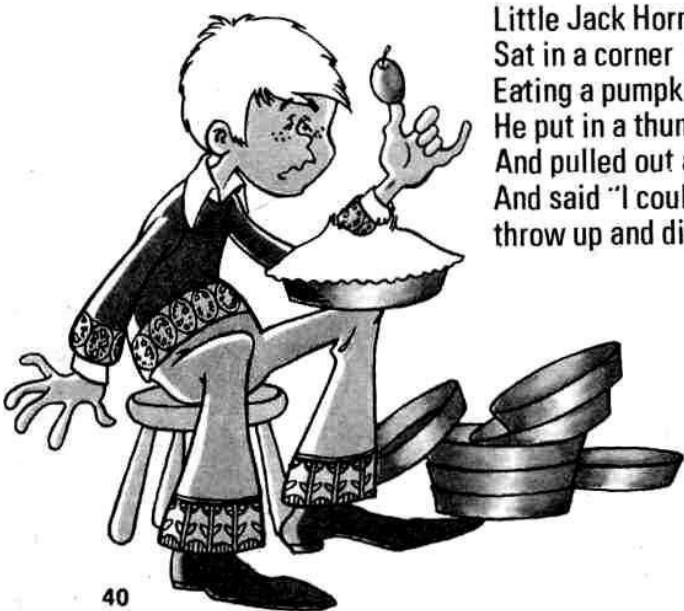
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells—
And a gardener from Tokyo!

NURSERY RHYMES

Hickory dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one
The mouse ran down—
And took it in to hock!

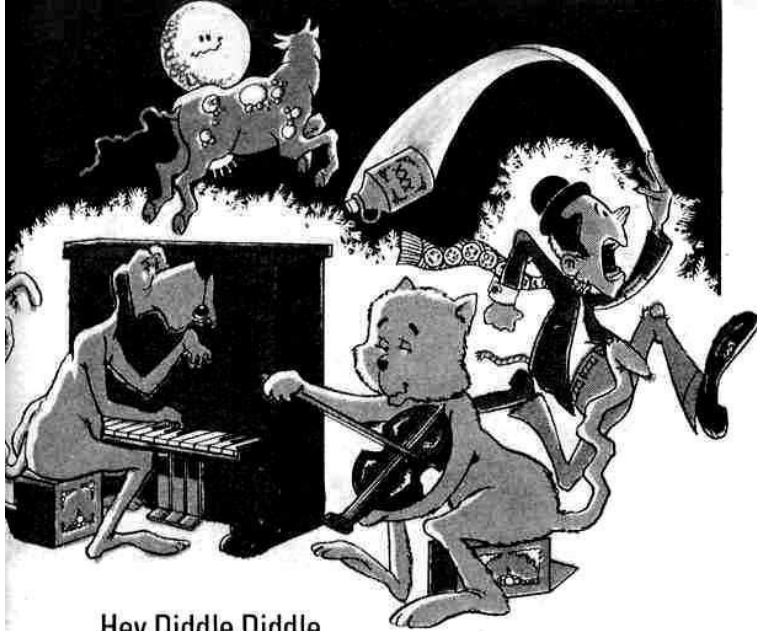


Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a pumpkin pie,
He put in a thumb
And pulled out a plum—
And said "I could
throw up and die!"



London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
Lou-sy build-ers!





Hey Diddle Diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the hedge,
This made the lush
Who saw these things
Swear off and take the pledge!



Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day
Which was against the rule,
It made the children laugh, you see —
It was an all-black school!

For Today's Modern Age

Writer: Frank Wall

Artist: Bill Dubay

Humpty Dumpty climbed over the wall,
Defecting to the West in the early Fall,
All the Red horseplay and all the Red men
Couldn't get Humpty into East Berlin again!

Rub-a-dub-dub
Three men in a tub,
Who could they be
But the butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker —
All of them gay lib, you see!



REMEMBER THOSE GIRLS YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO ASSOCIATE WITH?
THEY DID ANYTHING THEY PLEASED ... HAD ALL THE FUN! LIPSTICK, BOYS, ANKLE BRACELETS, BOYS ...
NO WONDER, CHICKEN, YOU GREW UP A ...

**Childhood
Daze with
Lee Marrs**

Crazy Lady

**chapter six:
the bad girl**

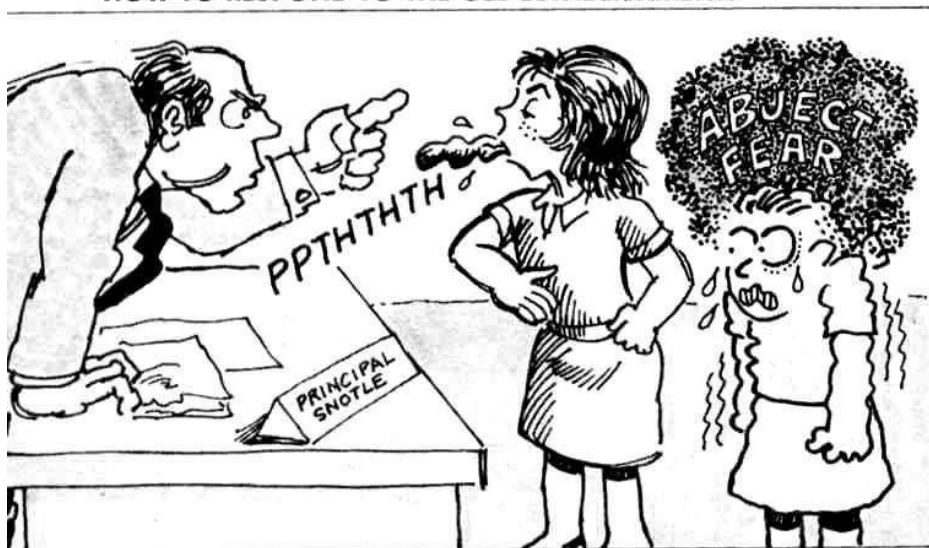
**EARLY ON, IT WAS MADE CLEAR THAT YOU WERE
NOT TO BE SEEN WITH CERTAIN GIRLS**



**ALTHOUGH NO ONE REALLY EXPLAINED WHAT EX-
ACTLY DESIGNATED A GIRL WHO WAS "LOOSE." CER-
TAIN CHARACTERISTICS WERE NOTED AS INDICATORS.**



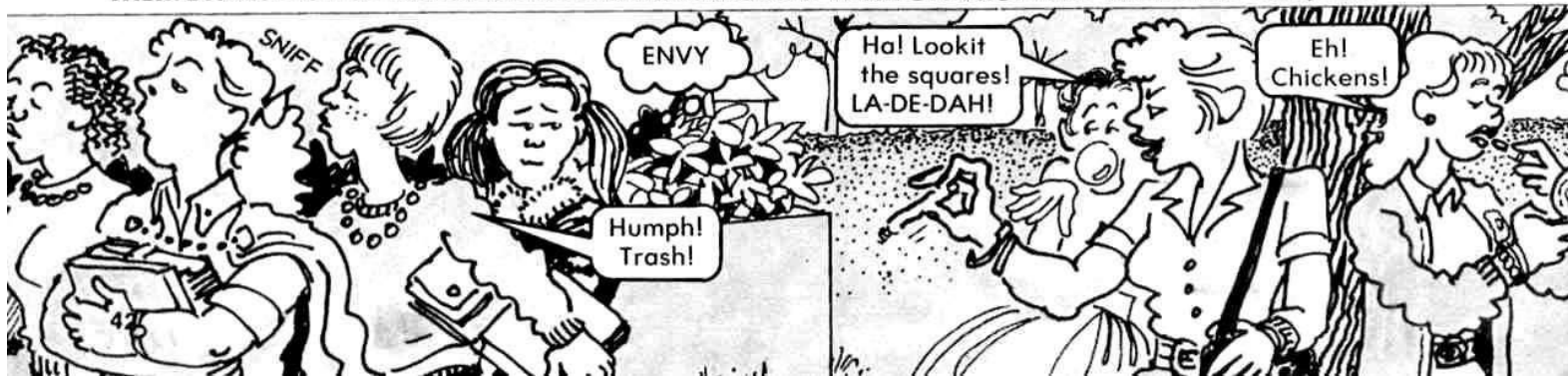
**CLEARLY, TOO, THEY WERE THE FIRST TO TASTE ADVENTURE,
TO REBEL! LONG BEFORE PICKETING OR SIT-INS, THEY KNEW
HOW TO RESPOND TO THE OLE ESTABLISHMENT.**



**BOY, THEY KNEW EVERYTHING! FULL OF
SOUND ADVICE, THEY DISPENSED EARLY
WISDOM TO THE DUMB FLEDGLINGS.**



THEIR DISRESPECTFUL WAYS AND ... FREE BEHAVIOR SET THEM OFF FROM THE "NICE GIRL" CLIQUES.



THERE WAS AN AIR OF INTRIGUE ABOUT THEM. THEY KNEW SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T ... SOMETHING ...



SOMEHOW, THEY KNEW THE GAME, LEARNED EARLY THE POWER OF MYSTERY AND ALLURE.



AND THEY NEVER ATTENDED SCHOOL AT ALL—THEY WENT TO "GIRLS ROOM."



THE GROWN-UPS MUMBLED DIRE PREDICTIONS OF THEIR WRETCHED FATE—"YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO GIRLS LIKE THAT!"

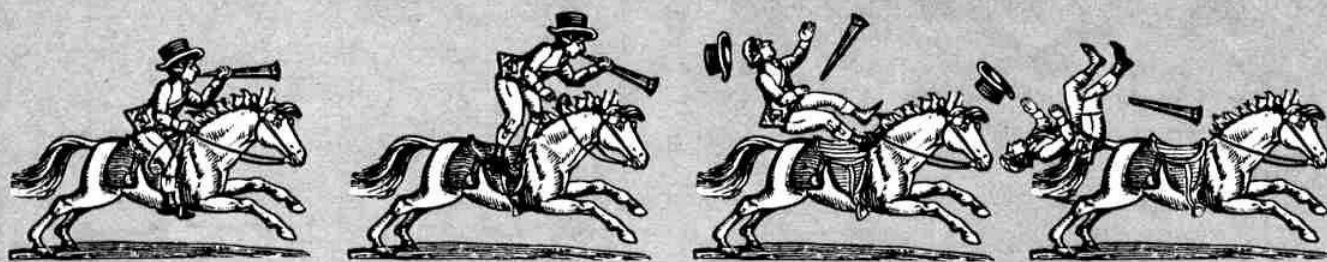


BUT ACTUALLY—WHERE ARE THOSE GLIMMERING-EYED GYPSIES OF THE '50'S? GONE INTO THE MISTS OF TIME ... POPPING THEIR GUM? STILL DEFYING CONVENTION, GOOD SENSE AND THEIR MOTHERS?



CRAZY NEWS OF THE MONTH

ILL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT



News from around the world, around the nation, around the corner, and under the table.

NEW YORK, N.Y.... Rocky Graziano has announced that he intends to run for political office next year. *(That's ridiculous! What kind of a funny name is that for a politician—Rocky?)*

BOSTON, MASS... City administrators are planning a zoning change that would cluster all the pornographic movie houses, bookstores, newsstands and shops into the same five-block area. *(What will they call it—the Erogenous Zone?)*

ANNAPOLIS, MD... The Navy Department announced that a new hydroelectric submarine is being built that will be able to remain submerged for 60 days. *(Big deal! The record is 6 years—held by an Italian battleship!)*

LINDEN, N.J. A local man amazed doctors here by sneezing continuously for three full days. *(Kleenex stockholders say "Bless you!")*

FARGO, NO. DAK... Actor Marlon Brando, who won an Oscar as "The Godfather," was made the honorary leader of an Indian tribe here. *(What is he now—a don in chief's clothing?)*

LOS ANGELES, CAL... A recent survey hereabouts shows that business at singles bars has dropped sharply, but gay bars are doing better than ever. *(Now that's a swish!)*

FLINT, MICH... The latest automotive reports show that prices for compact cars will rise sharply in 1976. *(Seems if you want economy you have to pay for it!)*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK... A female streaker reportedly ran along the main street of this city at high noon one Sunday. *(Probably Wilbur Mills' wife trying to get even!)*

PHILADELPHIA, PA... AT&T came out with a startling disclosure that it has on occasion bugged private telephones. *(Should the company initials now stand for American Tell & Tell?)*

TOLEDO OHIO... A 115-year old man was put on the waiting list by the Housing Authority here. *(What*

will they furnish him with—a cemetery plot?)

CARSON CITY, NEV... A judge here ruled that the mother of four girls, who later had surgery to become a man, was a proper parent and thus entitled to retain custody of the children. The court held for Henry Furguston who gave birth to the children but changed sexes after a divorce and then married a woman. *(Something rotten in states other than Denmark too?)*

PITTSBURGH, PA... Local environmentalists have announced the completion of a new, pollution-free, easy-to-install stack for venting fumes. *(Put that in your pipe and smoke it!)*

FOREST HILLS, N.Y... A recently married tennis-playing couple have announced they're divorcing and will split everything down the middle in their community-property settlement. *(But she gets the tennis court and he gets the net!)*

ST. LOUIS, MO... A group of 46 doctors made news recently when they opened the Boone County Clinic in nearby Columbia. *(Guess they'll be calling themselves the "Boone Docs"!)*

MADISON, WISC... A local resident claimed he paid \$450 for a set of steel-belted tires designed to be bullet-proof, bomb-proof and spike-proof. Then he had a flat tire after running over a ball-point pen. "It still wrote," claimed the man. *(Which proves the pen is mightier than...)*



HISTORY of MOOSEKIND

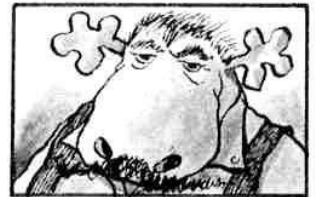
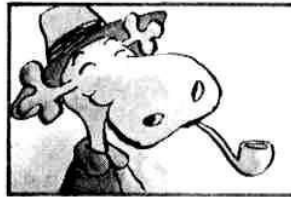
THE UNITED HERDS OF AMERICA

PART XV— THE SECOND 100 YEARS

Concluding a disjointed jaunt through the bicentennial journal of American History with Dr. Melville Moose, WPA. ADA. NCO, NAACM, noted archeologist, paleontologist, and unmitigated flag waver. Dr. Moose is recognized as one of the world's leading authorities.

As the 19th century came to a close immigrant herds from all over the world stampeded through the immigration depot at ELKISS ISLAND to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the melting pot called America. Soon alien herds were working hoof in hoof with native herds, fertilizing greener pastures for the betterment of all moosekind, regardless of herd, color, or creed.

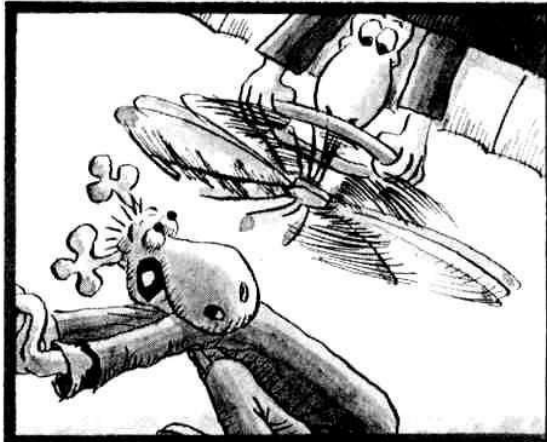
During the second 100 years great advances were made in the realm of science. THOMAS EDISOOM invented the PORNOGRAPH (which plays warped records), an electrically powered light source, and a practical movie camera. In 1903 WILFUR and ORBULL MOOSE successfully flew an aeroplane at Kitty Hog, North Carolina. Their successes led to later accomplishments by such air pioneers as aviatrix AMELIA EARHERD, CHARLES LINDBUCK, and billionaire HOWARD EWES, designer of the famous SPRUCE MOOSE.



ABOVE: Immigrants came from all over the world.



LEFT: The Gold Rush of 1898 drew foreigners to CHILCUD PASS, gateway to the gold fields of the Yukon.



WILFUR and ORBULL MOOSE at Kitty Hog, North Carolina.



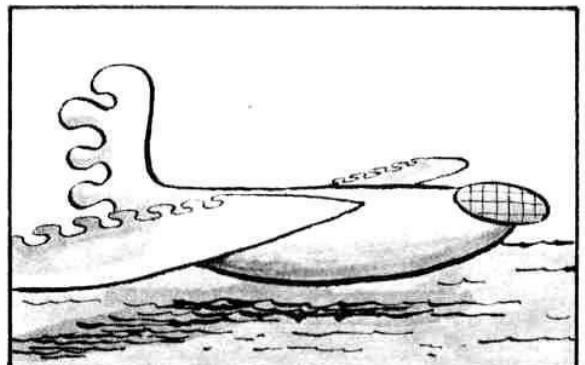
THOMAS EDISOOM with his Pornograph.



AMELIA EARHERD.



HOWARD EWES.



THE SPRUCE MOOSE.

The entertainment world was enriched by the musical talents of the great ENRICO COWRUSO, LOUIS "SATCHMOOSE" HOOFSTRONG, the swing music of BENNY GOODMOOSE, the frantic CAB COWLAWAY, GEORGE and IRA MOOSWIN, KATE SMOOTH, ELVIS MOOSLEY, JERRY LEE MOOIS, and HORNRY MOOCINI.

On the stage and in the theaters we gave the world GEORGE M. CONAN, ETHEL, JOHN, and LIONEL BARRYMOOSE, escape artist and magician HARRY MOODINI, the STAGFIELD FOLLIES, and playwright NEIL SIMOOSE.

In sports we produced boxing champs like JOHN L. BULLIVAN, GENTLEMOOSE JIM COWBETT, MAX BEAR, JOE MOOIS, ROCKY MOOSIANO, and the great CASSIUS COW, also known as MOOSEHAMMED ALI.

Hoofball greats from KNUTE BUCKNE to BROADWAY JOE NAMOOSE.

And baseball greats like BABE MOOTH, PEE WEE MEESE, and MICKEY MANTLER.

American contributions to world literature include: "LITTLE COWS" and "LITTLE BULLS" by LOUISA MOO ALCUD; "BR'ER MOOSE AND THE TAILS OF UNCLE REMOOSE" by JOEL CHANTLER HOOFIS; "THE ADVENTURES OF TOM MOOSE AND HUCKLEBERRY HOOF" and "LIFE ON THE MOOSISSIPPI" by SAMUEL SHORTHORN CLEMOOSE; "OF MOOSE AND MEN" and "THE GRAZE OF WRATH" by JOHN STEINBUCK; "SO WHAT?" and "CINNAMON" by EDNA FURBERGER; "A FAREWELL TO HORNS" and "THE OLD MOOSE AND THE SEA" by ERNEST HORNINGWAY; "THE THIN MOOSE" by DASHIELL HAMMOOSE; the classic westerns of ZANE GRAZE, the immortal short stories of O. HORNRY, and the contemporary humor of "JUNGLE BUCK" by HARVEY KURTZMOOSE.



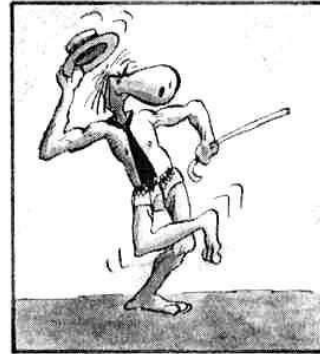
SATCHMOOSE



KATE SMOOTH



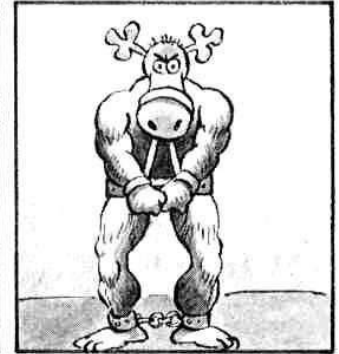
ELVIS MOOSLEY



GEORGE M. CONAN



JOHN BARRYMOOSE



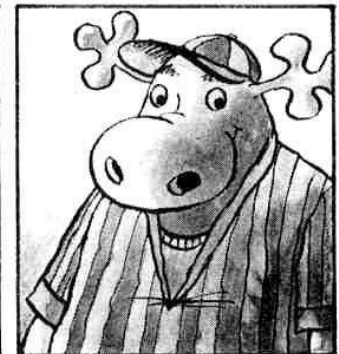
MOODINI



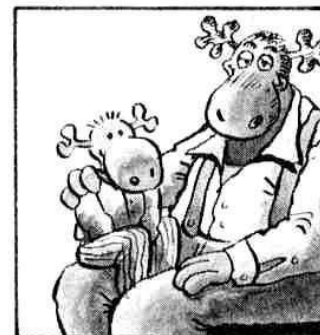
JOHN L. BULLIVAN



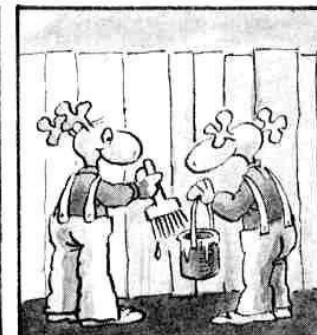
MAX BEAR



BABE MOOTH



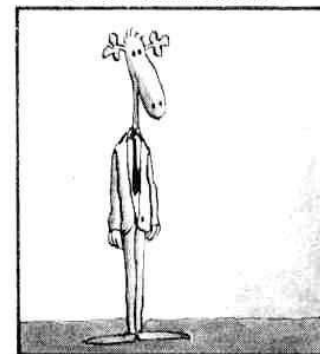
BR'ER MOOSE AND
UNCLE REMOOSE



TOM MOOSE AND
HUCKLEBERRY HOOF



SAMUEL SHORT-
HORN CLEMOOSE



THE THIN MOOSE



ZANE GRAZE



JUNGLE BUCK

American contributions to the world of film include such immortals as:



CHARLIE CHAPLIN



BUSTER KEATON



RUDOLPH VALENTINO



MICKEY MOUSE



LAUREL AND HARDY



MAE WEST



JAMES STACEY



MARLON BRANDO



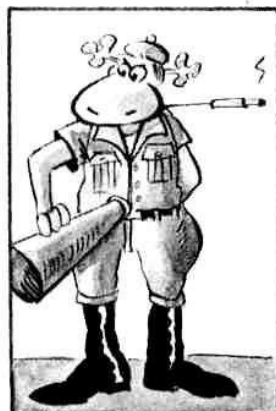
BORIS KARLOFF



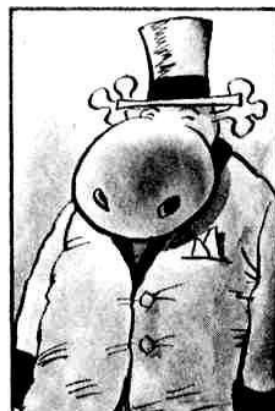
MARILYN MONROE



CHARLTON HESTON
AS MOSES



CECIL B. DEMILLE



W.C. FIELDS



CLARK GABLE



HORSE WELLS



JUDY GARLAND

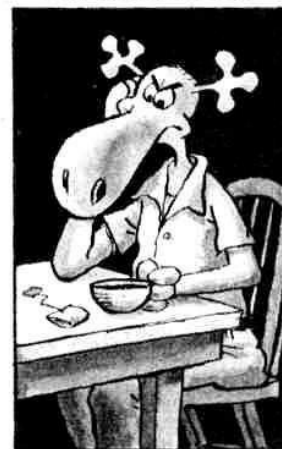


HUMPHREY BOGART



LIZ TAYLOR

RIGHT: Dr. Moose enjoys a cup of tea as he contemplates his salary after paying taxes on his papers, rice, dice, licences, cards, clothing, food, and tea. "We've come a long way in 200 years!"



DR. MELVILLE MOOSE

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED HERDS OF AMERICA



JAMES MONROEBUCK



JAMES MADISOOM



THOMAS HOOFERSON



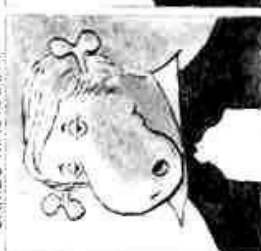
JOHN ADHAMS



GEORGE MOOSHINGTON



MILLARD FILLMOOSE



ZACHARY TAILFUR



JAMES KNOX PELK



JOHN TYGER



WILLIAM HORNRY HARRISOOM



MARTIN VAN BOVINE



ANDREW JACKSOOM



JOHN QUINCY ADHAMS



CHESTER A. ARFUR



JAMES A. DEERFIELD



RUTHERFORD B. GRAZE



ULYSSES S. GRANTLER



ANDREW JOHNDOOM



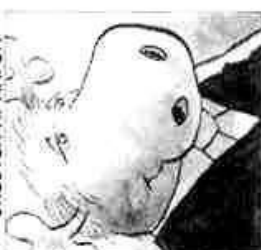
ABRAHAM LINKHORN



JAMES BUCHORNAN



FRANKLIN DEERCE



MALVIN MOOLIDGE



WARREN G. HERDING



WOODROE WILSOOM



WILLIAM HOWARD CALFT



THEODORE MOOSEPELT



WILLIAM MCHORNLY



BENJAMIN HARRISOOM



GROVER CLEVELAMB



GERALD H. FHERD



RICHARD M. MOOSON



LYNDON B. JOHNDOOM



JOHN F. KENHERDY



DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER



HARRY S. TRUMOOSE



FRANKLIN D. MOOSEPELT



HERBERT HOOFER



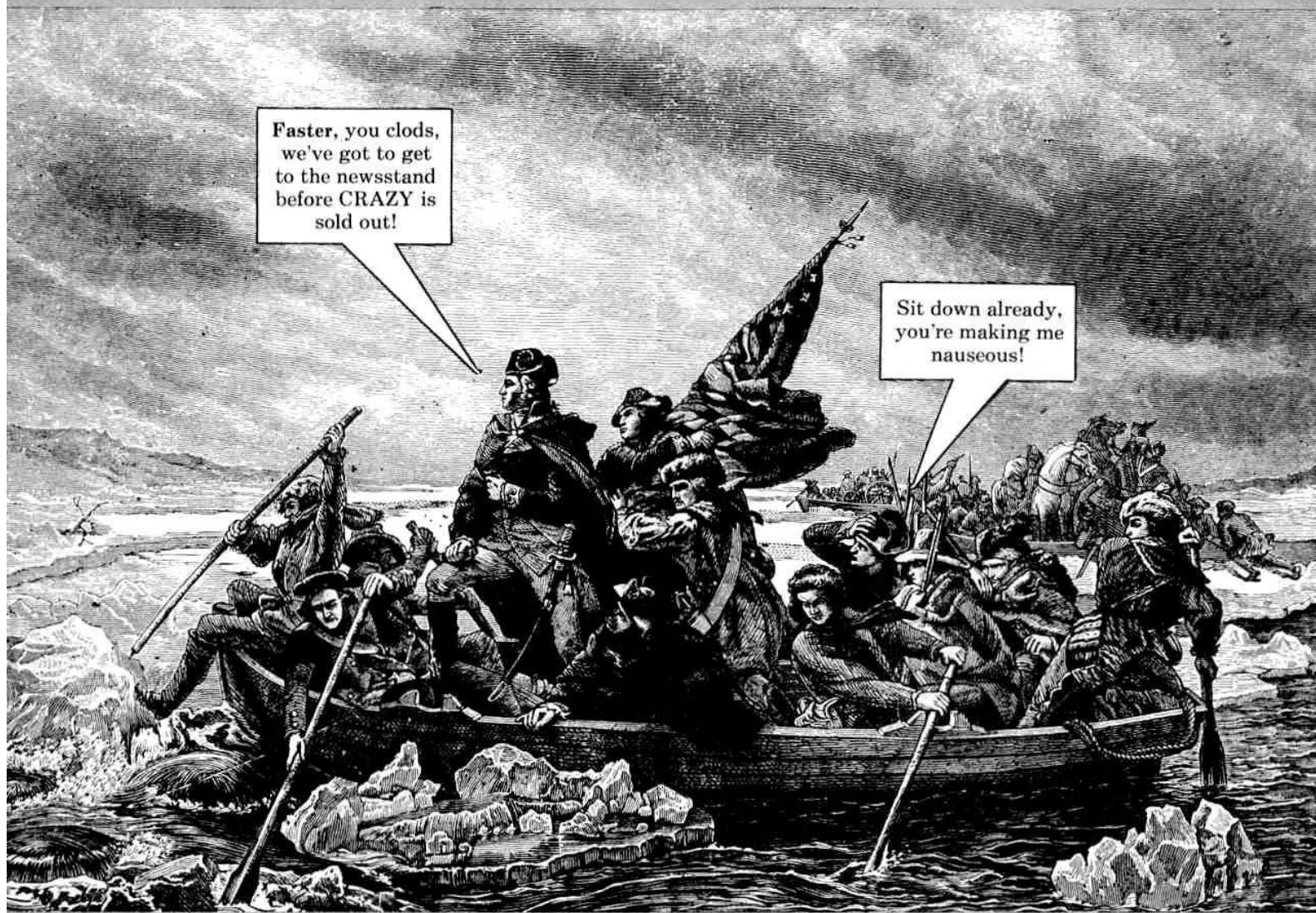
CRAZY'S BICENTENNIAL MINUTES

200 YEARS AGO TODAY

—PART THREE—

Artist: Vance Rodewalt

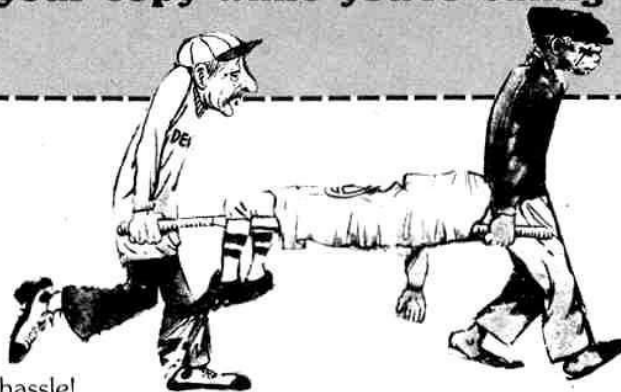




If you don't want the hassle of having to race to the newsstand every-time to get your copy, subscribe to **CRAZY today. That way you can just have the hassle of having to race to the front door everytime to open it when the mailman delivers your copy while you're eating or taking a shower!**

**CRAZY SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
c/o MARVEL MAGAZINES
575 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022**

I prefer the **at-home hassle** over the **newsstand hassle**. Enclosed is four bucks for the next seven issues. I understand that if I am not fully satisfied, I will have still a **third hassle**—namely, the **trying-to-get-my-money-back hassle!**



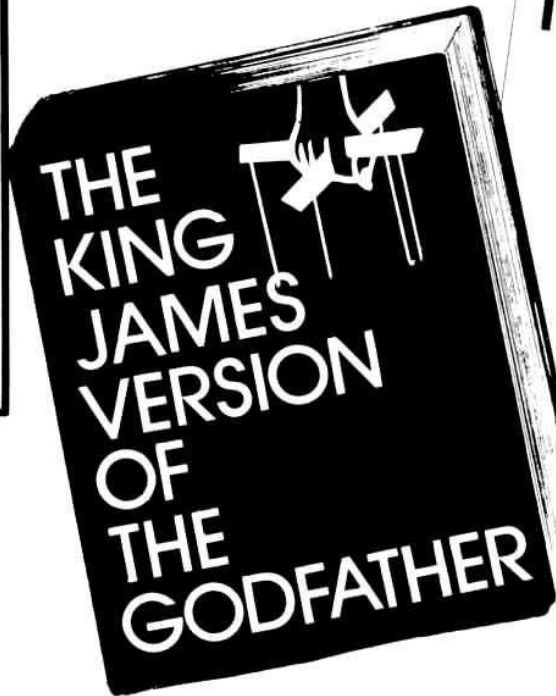
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

**ALL 5
BOOKS
FOR ONLY
13¢**

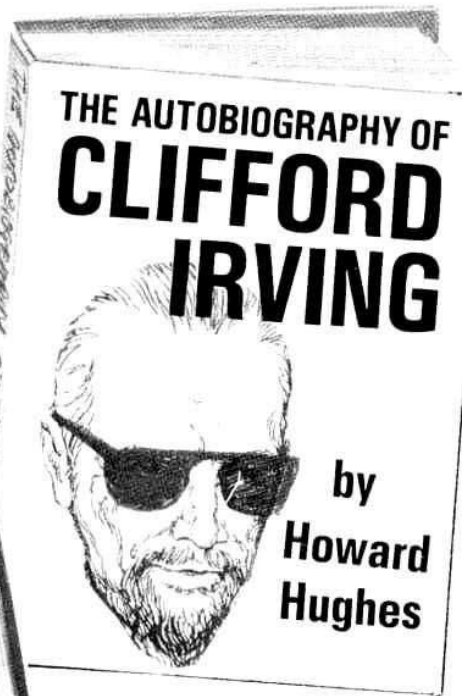
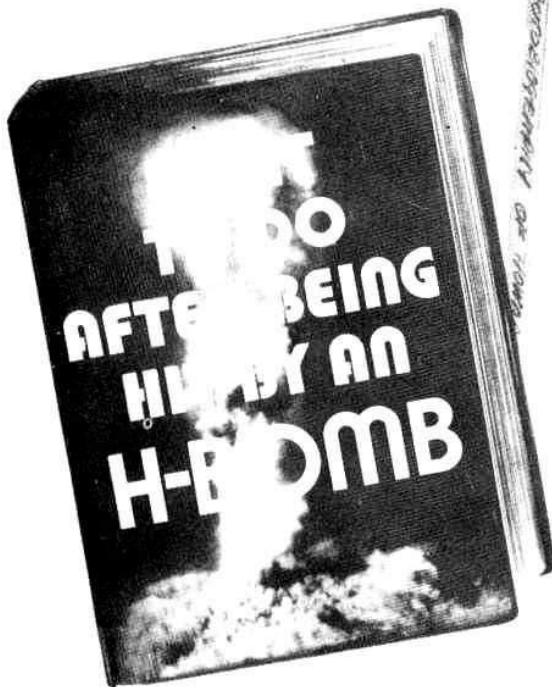
OR ORDER 13
OF OUR BOOKS
FOR ONLY 5¢



WHEN YOU JOIN THE ...

ROOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION—
BUT WE KEEP TRYING!



**YOU CLIP COUPON—
WE CLIP YOU!**

ROOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
Island No. 486
Thousand Islands

Send me all 5 books for only 13¢. I understand that if I'm not satisfied I will return the books and my coupon will be cheerfully refunded.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

BANK BALANCE _____
(if none, forget you saw this ad!)

GROOVY CUTOUTS

CRAZY

**RECORD
LABELS**

I WANT A GIRL
JUST LIKE THE GIRL
THAT MARRIED
DEAR OLD DAD

CRAZY

RECORDS

OEDIPUS REX
and the Muthas of Invention

SUPERCALI
FRAGILISTIC-
EXPIALIDOCIOUS

CRAZY

RECORDS

EPHREM ZIMBALIST, JR.
accompanied on the glockenspiel

RAINDROPS KEEP FALLIN'
ON MY HEAD

CRAZY

RECORDS

RIP VAN WINKLE
and the Sleepy Hollow Five

I WANNA BE AROUND
TO PICK UP THE PIECES
WHEN SOMEBODY BREAKS
YOUR HEART

CRAZY

RECORDS

CHRISTIAN BARNARD
backed by the A.M.A.

THANK HEAVEN
FOR LITTLE GIRLS

CRAZY

RECORDS

MICKEY ROONEY
accompanied on a small piano

I THINK THAT I
SHALL NEVER SEE
A POEM LOVELY
AS A TREE

CRAZY

RECORDS

LASSIE
(high-pitched for dogs only)

**PASTE
OVER YOUR
REAL LABELS**